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## THE AIMS AND METHODS OF LITERARY STUDY.

THAT within the past ten years there has been in this country a marked increase of interest in literature and literary studies is a statement that will scarcely be disputed by any person occupied with such matters. The growth of literary clubs, especially among women, the emphasis laid upon English literature in primary and secondary schools, the work done by university extension lecturers, and particularly the trend in our colleges and universities from purely philological to literary courses may be cited as evidences that the phenomenon exists. If these evidences are not enough, we may add to them the development of libraries, of the publishing business, and of literary departments in the daily newspapers. That this interest is more intense or more deep-seated than was the similar interest manifested in New England during the days of the Transcendental Movement need be neither affirmed nor denied; but it is naturally far more widespread, and it is certainly an advance upon whatever popular interest in literature was displayed during the two decades that followed the civil war.

The causes of the phenomenon need not be investigated too curiously. Throughout the world our generation has been critical rather than creative, and a critical age is in the main only another name for an epoch of literary studies. Then, to go somewhat deeper, great accumulation of wealth and great accompanying desire for luxury and for culture, which is a phase of luxury, coinciding with an era of self-conscious-

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ness and of democratic development, must make for an increase in studies that themselves make for refinement, for personal distinction, and for relief from *ennui*. The very confusion of our age, which in all probability has affected its creative work disastrously, has driven many men and women to studies of a literary nature as to a kind of haven, even if this same confusion has often rendered their studies mainly nugatory, except as a moral sedative.

But while this increase of popular interest in literature and literary studies may be taken for granted and its causes need not be investigated, it hardly seems wise not to consider somewhat carefully the aims and methods of the eager students of literature we see on all sides, and to compare their ends and means with those ideal ends and means which, after a due survey of the field, we may set up for ourselves and for them. Such a setting up of ideals for other people is always hazardous; but if our methods of reasoning are both inductive and deductive, if we rely upon observation as much as upon theory, and upon common sense as much as upon either, we shall be able, perhaps, to reach some useful results. What, then, seem to be the aims of students of literature, as to-day we see them in this country applying themselves to their chosen and delightful work? In answering this question a rough classification of such students will be serviceable.

The most obvious division is into professional students and amateurs or dilettantes, but it is easy and necessary to divide further. Professional students of literature fall, I think, into much the same classes as other professional men. There are those who are born with an aptitude for letters, who become successful critics, noted teachers of literature, or men of letters who devote a portion of their creative energy to criticism, such as Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James for our own epoch or as Ben Jonson and John Dryden among the elder writers. These are the leaders occupying, except when they are great geniuses, much the same position as the more eminent clergymen, lawyers, and physicians do. In the rank and file are found the minor critics, a majority of the teachers of literature, most of the itinerant

lecturers on literary subjects, and the book reviewers. These correspond with the safe, respectable practitioners whom most of us are glad to employ when we are ill. Below these, as in every other profession, come the utter mediocrities, the failures, and the quacks, about whom we need say nothing.

The amateurs are harder to classify. At their head, however, stands plainly the literary virtuoso, the man of refined taste who lives in an atmosphere of culture, and who, if he writes, is almost sure to illuminate whatever subject he touches. He frequently has other than literary interests, and he never has hard and fast obligations to publishers, readers, or students. A good type of such a virtuoso is Horace Walpole; another and very different type is Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, who, if he had been less of a recluse, would now probably be ranked among the greater English critics. Below the virtuoso comes what we may call loosely the cultivated man or woman who through natural instinct and training has acquired a love of books and a fairly wide knowledge of them, often considerable in one or more departments. We all know many such persons, although in busy America they are doubtless proportionally fewer in number than in England or in France. Below these come the serious and honorable aspirants for culture, the men and women who, in spite of meager educational opportunities and of lives full of other and more pressing cares and duties, seize every chance and means of cultivating themselves. Naturally, college and academy students, who may, in a short time, belong to one of the other groups already mentioned, must, at some period in their career, be numbered with these aspirants for culture. Finally, in the lowest class, fall the men and women who are entitled only to the unpleasant designation of smatterers, of whom, as of the quacks, we need take no further notice.

With regard, now, to the aims of all lovers of literature who are worthy of being in any sense classed as students, it is obvious that from many points of view the highest and most inspiring are those of the great critics and men of letters to whom literature, in some blended words of Keats, is a thing

of beauty, and therefore a thing of truth and a joy forever. But because these men are as much born to literary studies as Plato, about whose young lips the bees clustered, was born to golden eloquence, their aims and methods, while serviceable as ideal standards, must always be unattainable by the large majority; and this is true also of the aims and methods of the virtuoso, although these, while honorable, are not fully inspiring because they are less purely philanthropic in character, less founded on the noble idea of service to fellow-men. It follows that it is with the aims of the majority of literary students, whether professional or amateur, that we are most concerned, and in pursuing this subject let us ask and try to answer a fundamental question: Why do or why should men study literature?

If one is born with a bent to such study, it is a sufficient answer to our question to assert the existence of the bent, for we may assume that literature is a worthy object of knowledge, and that all worthy objects of knowledge deserve to be studied by chosen spirits. But there are few chosen spirits, and students of literature are very numerous. Is not this because there is implanted in all persons endowed with spiritual aspirations a desire, not merely of self-distinction (smatterers and mediocrities have this), but of drawing nearer to ideal beauty, truth, and goodness, preferably in some form of combination? And because in genuine literature ideal beauty, truth, and goodness are found in combination, expressed through the medium of language, with which, when it is our own, we are more familiar than we are with the mediums of expression employed by the sculptor, the painter, and the musician, do not more men and women seek the ideal through literature than through any other means save religion? Students of literature are numerous, then, and increasingly numerous, because they find through literature their easiest access to the ideal, a fact which is in part due to the cheapness with which books can be manufactured in an age of mechanical achievements.

But if a more or less conscious aspiration for the most accessible ideal be the basic reason for the popular interest



in literary studies, it would seem to follow that the aims and methods of the teacher and the student of literature ought to make for the attainment of ideal truth, beauty, and goodness in the fullest possible measure. The introduction of any antagonistic aim or method must necessarily militate against the attainment of the central purpose for which, according to our reasoning, literary studies are begun. An important consequence ensues. We do not draw nearer to ideal beauty, truth, and goodness in combination if we give the attainment of mere knowledge a disproportionate place in our aims and methods. Knowledge helps us to attain truth, but it does not prompt to, although it does direct, the realization of goodness in conduct and the appreciation of beauty. But we do not truly study literature unless thereby we gain wisdom in contradistinction to mere knowledge, and unless we also develop our æsthetic faculties and, what is far more to the purpose, become better men and women. Hence knowledge in relation to literature should always occupy an ancillary position—it should be the handmaiden charged with ushering us into the presence of the ideal. But what have our teachers and professors of literature, our editors of school and college texts, our writers of learned monographs and manuals, and finally our promoters of literary clubs and lecture courses to say about themselves in these premises? Do they not too frequently make mere knowledge the be-all and the end-all of their work? It is so easy for teacher and pupil to add fact to fact and call it studying literature—whereas in its best estate such attainment of knowledge about literature is only a means to culture, not culture itself; while in its worst estate it is a positive bar to culture.

Just here we may note a distinct advance that has been made in the past ten years. Most of the literary work that was done in our colleges and universities fell under the department of English and the direction of men who were trained philologists. What attention they gave to the English literature produced after the year 1600 was in the main perfunctory, and although there was no lack of great au-

thors and books prior to that year, these were seldom treated save as storehouses of philological facts. Now philology is an extremely interesting study, and it is by no means unimportant, whether considered in itself or in its relations with history and literature and other subjects of human inquiry. But unless admirably handled by the teacher, philology, like any other science, however valuable it may be in other respects, is of less value than literature as a means to culture. It aids us but slightly in our approach to the ideal, whereas literature aids, or should aid, us greatly. Fortunately during the past ten years this fact has been more and more recognized in American colleges and universities, until, in some institutions indeed, the balance has been tipped almost unfairly against philology. In England this does not seem to be the case if we may trust that dissident dissenter, Mr. Churton Collins; yet there a great amount of literary training has always been obtainable through the best of mediums, the Greek and Roman classics.

But while all our institutions of learning, schools and libraries, as well as colleges and universities, afford better facilities for the study of literature than they did a decade ago, the improvement is not yet great enough to warrant a large amount of self-approbation. Philology no longer stalks about in borrowed plumes; but the history of literature, which is a branch of culture history, is frequently studied to the exclusion of literature itself; and when great poetry and prose is put before the student, this is often done so mechanically and with such a lack of proportion in the treatment that the cause of culture is not greatly subserved. For example, deadly methods of analysis, supplemented by a terrifying apparatus of largely irrelevant questions, are in our schoolrooms daily applied to poems which were written to stir the emotions, not perplex the minds of unoffending children. In other words, the letter of literature is diligently conned, but the delicate spirit of literature—I was going to say—escapes both the teacher and the pupil—but it really does not escape at all. It remains, as it were, an Ariel imprisoned in the tree of knowledge, waiting for a Prospero to

give it freedom. Again, through over-emphasis and under-emphasis in their treatment of writers, our teachers and professors and lecturers and critics are giving the world of students and readers very narrow and distorted views as to the scope of that literature which is one of the main glories of the Anglo-Saxon race. I have often found that the names of important seventeenth and eighteenth century writers meant absolutely nothing, not to a schoolboy or an undergraduate but to a graduate student who intended to make literature his life work.

Perhaps just here, even at the risk of somewhat attenuating the strength of whatever arguments this discussion may involve, it will not be amiss for me to dwell for a moment upon what seem to be faults of our professional teaching and studying of literature that demand correction.

One, as hinted above, is the preponderating part in literary teaching and criticism played by analysis. It is the fashion with many critics to dwell upon the internal rather than upon the external features of a piece of literature, to dilate upon its qualities rather than upon what it is as a whole, to treat it as something to be dissected rather than to discuss its general effects upon readers at large and its position in the body of national or world literature. In other words, their criticism tends to be analytic and subjective rather than synthetic and objective. There is much room, of course, for such criticism, since it obviously serves to bring out beauties that would otherwise lie hidden and to intensify our interest in the writer and his work. Yet it is very questionable whether such analytic criticism should occupy so prominent a part or come so early in our literary training. After all it seems mainly to ask and answer the question, Why does this author appeal to us in such and such a way? But this is a question more important to a writer than to a reader. If we are undertaking to write poetry, by all means let us analyze great poetry and try to seize the secret of its power. If we are readers, however, it is perhaps better to try first to answer the questions, How has this writer affected others—that is, what ought we to

expect to find in him? and, How does this writer compare with others in his class—that is, should we devote ourselves to him as much as to some other and greater man?

It is at once plain that we have here in somewhat disguised forms the two well-defined methods of criticism for which those distinguished Frenchmen, M. Lemaitre and M. Brunetière, and other critics ranged behind each of them have long been doing battle—methods of criticism which have, indeed, been in the world for ages and to which we give the names Impressionist and Academic. It is plain also that my complaint is that of late, and especially in our teaching of literature, we have not been giving academic criticism—the criticism of judgment—due consideration; that we have been overpartial to the criticism of interpretation, which tends more or less to be impressionist in character. I am constantly reading and hearing criticisms of books that make me wonder whether the analyzer has ever put together the qualities he discovers, whether he has ever grasped as a whole the piece of literature with which he is dealing. He talks of sublimity, charm, love of nature, etc., until I wonder whether he is not in the position of the proverbial person who cannot see the wood for the trees. It seems to me that it would be much more logical and profitable for our critics and teachers to begin with the criticism of judgment—for example, to judge a poem as a whole; to get its position, as near as one can in the poet's own works, in the class of poems to which it belongs, in the literature of the nation, and finally, if it be worth the pains, in the literature of the world. Then it would be logical and proper to pass to the more intensive method of analysis and interpretation, which would increase both our knowledge and our enjoyment. It is true that no one can entirely separate these two methods of criticising. We analyze somewhat when we are trying to determine what a poem or book stands for as a whole. But I am quite sure that in our school and college classes we give too much place to the analytic or interpretative method, with the result that, when we ought to be getting wide views of literature and life, we learn to

know a few works of a few writers only, trusting to time to introduce us to the rest. Time, however, is more like a slave driver than a master of ceremonies, and thus nine out of ten of us are throughout our lives confined to a mere hearsay acquaintance even with great authors, much more with minor ones.

From what I have just said, the reader will not be surprised to learn that I am somewhat skeptical as to the good results of much of the teaching of literature based on the so-called series of English classics, though I have contributed to such series myself; that I am not altogether convinced that the excessive attention paid to Shakespeare in schools and colleges is wise; that I doubt very much whether it is profitable to spend a term or a year on any one writer or small group of writers, unless it can be done in connection with courses that give a wide survey of the form of literature that is being studied; that I am inclined to think that all so-called "laboratory courses" in literature should be accompanied, as they are in the case of the natural sciences, by lectures that serve not merely to present the subject as a whole but also to set it in its historical and philosophical relations with other subjects of human inquiry and with life itself. I know that it is much easier to teach and learn a minute division of a subject, and that for purposes of imparting methods of study—that is, for graduate instruction—such division is often absolutely necessary. But I cannot perceive that our specialistic training is giving us the grasp upon literature that many of our untrained fathers and mothers had, and I think it is time for us to ask ourselves where we are and whither we are tending.

Nor should our queries be confined to the whereabouts and the whitherwards of the teachers of literature. The literary specialists who furnish us with admirably detailed studies and monographs often lead us astray by the importance they give to very minor writers or to small literary movements, and cause us to blunder by applying to literature that historic or, perhaps better, that pedantic estimate against which Matthew Arnold warned us. Yet the mono-



graphs and dissertations continue to come out, and we can easily swamp ourselves in the minutiae of scholarship, while philosophic criticism goes begging for adherents, and comparative literature attracts too few students. As a result, even the nomenclature of the art of criticism is at sixes and sevens. Think, for example, of how little definiteness attaches to the term "lyric." So also the application of the theory of evolution to the study of literature is yet in its infancy. Where, for instance, will one find a consistent and full account of the evolution of that highest form of lyric, the ode? No wonder that the students of the sciences look down upon us when we pose as anything but amateurs. No wonder that the late Mr. Freeman, the historian, spoke scornfully of us as chatterers about poor Harriet Shelley, or that Mark Twain, after reading Prof. Dowden's treatment of the relations between Shelley and his unfortunate first wife, was constrained like a knight-errant to enter the lists against the biographer. When we have not chattered, we have in nine cases out of ten been grubbing, yet we are neither sparrows nor worms.

Still, even if all that I have just said by way of adverse criticism be well founded, it is undeniable that a great advance has been made in the study of literature viewed as a constituent element in the academic curriculum; it is equally undeniable that in this country in matters of culture we can never afford to confine our attention to the academic class. As we have seen, there is an immense and increasing amount of self-cultivation in literature being attempted by American men and women of all classes. What are the aims and methods of these people?

I am not sure that their aims are not often higher, I will not say than those of teachers generally—for I believe that the aims of our teachers are very high—but higher than those of the apparently more fortunate college student or professor, or of the minor critical writers and lecturers. These very frequently appear to me to be turning to the study of literature as a means for obtaining a livelihood or, as at present, a peculiarly easy method of exploiting a popular taste,

I will not say craze. We may posit, to be sure, in most cases a bent for literary studies; but very frequently a fair salary, a good social position, and a long vacation are more in evidence as motives to the assumption of a literary calling as college teacher than any æstrus sent by the gods to goad the aspiring spirit up the steep and arduous heights of culture. And as for the popular lecturer, it would at least appear easy for a soulful young man to persuade himself that it is his life work to lecture on Dante to a group of adoring women at so many dollars per head. On the other hand, eliminating the dabbling in literature done by men and women who think that a certain show of culture is desirable, it seems to me that the aims of a considerable portion of the amateur students of literature in this country are distinctly high, at least from a moral point of view. They are trying to elevate themselves by contact with the ideal, and there can be no higher individual aim. There is a tremendously impressive earnestness to be observed among such literary workers in every section of the country. And where this strenuousness is not visible, there is often a quiet, dignified pursuit of culture, though perhaps along narrow lines, to be found among persons whose vocations hardly suggest literary or artistic proclivities. It is plain, however, that all aspiration for self-culture is more or less lacking in that altruism which is to be seen, in some measure at least, in the aims of teachers and of other professional students, and that the methods of the amateur are, as a rule, less well-grounded and comprehensive than those of his fellow-worker.

From what has been said it would seem to follow that the aims of the professional student of literature need to be made more ideal and less practical, his methods more flexible and less mechanical, while the aims of the amateur should be made more altruistic and his methods less nebulous. How are these ends best to be attained?

I know of no better way than for the one class of literary students to keep constantly in mind the aims of the other class, and to consider carefully and partly adopt its methods of study. This is precisely what they do not do at present. The

critic is much too likely to smile with condescension at literary opinions advanced by people who have not read so many hundreds of books as he has. On the other hand, the literary amateur or the cultivated reader is much too likely to think that the critic is the slave of his own rules or a mere dry-as-dust whose opinion is pedantic and absurd. This is especially the case among Anglo-Saxons, who as a race have cherished a distrust of criticism, apparently on the principle that, as an Englishman's house is his castle, so his opinions ought to be surrounded by a moat of ignorance and prejudice. In other words, our two classes of literary devotees are in many respects sundered; whereas it appears, as I have just said, that each class should consider carefully and partly adopt the aims and methods of the other.

The professional student is constantly in danger of forgetting that the spirit of literature, not its mere external form or garb, should be the true object of his study. He forgets that study means zeal for, as well as application to, an object, and he is too seldom zealous for that ideal of truth, beauty, and goodness in combination which genuine literature embodies. The better class of amateurs, however, the men and women of acquired or accumulating culture, are nearly always more or less alive to the value of literature as a means to lift themselves from the plane of the real to that of the ideal. They are less likely than the professional student to use literary studies either as a practical means of livelihood or as an exercise of their purely intellectual faculties. On the other hand, the amateur, to whom literature is generally a side issue, is likely to make it a matter of merely personal gratification. He seldom has to consider the interests of others, whether as an expounder or a popularizer or what we may call a literary missionary. He can hold his own opinions regardless of what others think, can be as erratic as he pleases, can be selfish, and all the while can fall back upon the favorite maxim of the Englishman, which he often expresses in Latin, "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," there is no disputing about tastes. This selfish, nonaltruistic attitude toward something that is es-

entially noble and ideal cannot be good for any one. Perhaps there ought to be no disputing about tastes, but there ought to be calm discussion of them, and we should endeavor to make our own taste and that of our neighbor relish the highest possible forms of literature and art. Hence it is well for the amateur to do what the professional student must always do—consider the tastes of others, determine what has been the verdict of cultivated readers in the past with regard to the relative ranking of the various forms of literature and other cognate matters—in short, equip himself to pursue his favorite subject in a critical and not in a purely desultory and inconsequential manner.

But we have passed, almost without knowing it, from a discussion of aims to a discussion of methods. The methods of the professional student are naturally such as we loosely denominate critical, whether or not his bias be toward history or linguistics or æsthetics or his allegiance be given to the academic or the impressionist school. There is no time to discuss the best methods by which the critic or judge appraises the value of a work of literary art; what mainly concerns us is the fact that the chief danger that confronts the critic or the teacher is that his methods may easily become mechanical. Against this danger his best safeguard will, I think, be found in an application of the less hard and fast methods of study pursued by the amateur. The professional student should relax his mind by a limited following of his own bent in reading, by an indulgence at times in uncritical enthusiasm, by a frequent surrender of his spirit to the appeals of the ideal. He should remember the adage about the ever-stretched bow, and not forget that he has a soul as well as an intellect. On the contrary, the amateur has much to gain by endeavoring to catch something of that balanced judgment, that free play of mind that will always be found to characterize the true critic. He should not weight himself down with learning or cease to enjoy what he is laboring to apprehend; but he should endeavor to impart some system to his reading, and should avoid nebulosity and inconsistency in the judgments he forms upon literary topics. For

example, he should not wade through without a murmur the theology with which Dante overloads "The Divine Comedy," and inveigh against that with which Milton overloads "Paradise Lost." Above all, he should avoid the prevailing lack of critical catholicity. He should strive, for example, to appreciate both Byron and Shelley, and not decry the one in order to laud the other.

The mention of Byron leads naturally to a consideration of the only other point I wish to make in this paper. Byron is, of all modern English poets—indeed, of all modern Englishmen save Scott—the one who has had most influence upon the continental public; he is, of all modern English poets of eminence, the one toward whom most opposition, not to say rancor, has been displayed by native critics. Of late it has been growing more and more plain, I think, that British and American depreciation of Byron has ridiculously overshoot the mark; that while certain technical defects, not obvious to foreigners, must be emphasized by Anglo-Saxon critics—not for the purpose of running down Byron, but for the sake of warning present and future poets against his mistakes—the point of view of the foreign critics is far more sound and catholic than that of almost any English critic save Matthew Arnold. Whether this be true or not, it is abundantly clear that no student of literature, whether professional or amateur, can afford either to ignore foreign criticism of his own literature or to neglect to obtain a fair knowledge at least of the chief European literatures, either in the originals or through translations.

In this connection it is a pleasure to refer to a paper by Mr. Edmund Gosse, entitled "The Isolation of the Anglo-Saxon Mind," which appeared about two years ago in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Mr. Gosse has never given better proof of his critical acumen than in this warning against the growing insularity of the English mind. He naturally and, as it seems to me, correctly attributes much of the English ignorance and indifference with regard to what foreigners are doing in the world of letters to the rise of rampant imperialism which has been coincident with the growth



of Mr. Kipling's popularity. As we Americans have done a little in the imperial line ourselves, and have developed our own "strenuous" literature, Mr. Gosse rather logically includes us with his own countrymen, and warns us also against the deplorable effects of mental isolation. While admitting the force of much that he says, I cannot, however, think that any such marked isolation since 1895 can be found in America as he seems to have observed in Great Britain. The growing vogue of French and Russian novelists in translation—Balzac, Daudet, George Sand, Flaubert, Maupassant, and even Gautier among the French, as well as Turgenev, Tolstoi, and other Russians, have recently been made accessible to us in whole or in part; the increasing number of scholarly and popular books on French and German literature; the lecture courses given at our great universities by distinguished French scholars—these facts seem to me to indicate that the American mind is not closing itself to foreign influences. It surely has not closed itself to German scholarship; and while one occasionally reads a blatantly chauvinistic article or an insularly ignorant book, I suspect that we have a right to regard ourselves as intellectually a very wide-awake people.

It does not follow, however, that Mr. Gosse's warning is not worth heeding. Conceit will speedily make any man or nation ignorant, and we are by no means free from conceit, whether as individuals or as a people. We are rightly proud of our literary achievements, especially of those of the entire race of which we are coming to be the most important branch; but this should not blind us to the fact that there are other Teutonic peoples with literatures worthy of study, nor to the equally important fact that there is a very great body of Romance literature well worthy of vying with our own and supplementing it admirably. Yet when I assert, as I am frequently forced in fairness to do, that in my judgment the French literature of the nineteenth century is perhaps, if not probably, superior to that produced in England during the same period, it is always easy for me to perceive that in nine cases out of ten the fact

that such may possibly be the case has not before dawned upon any of the persons doing me the honor to listen to me. In other words, it rarely occurs to us to think that we have not a monopoly of literary as well as of all the other virtues, whereas we not only have no monopoly of the virtues, we have not even a monopoly of the vice conceit, other races pushing us very closely in conceit, ignorance, and their concomitant bellicosity. But surely conceit, ignorance, and bellicosity are things to be avoided by the attainment of a cosmopolitan outlook upon literature and life. If, as some persons inform us, the instinct of racial self-preservation is opposed to cosmopolitanism, so much the worse for the racial instinct. Humanity as a whole is greater than any of its parts, and the unity of the whole human race in its ideals has been the goal of religion and art and literature and science since man began his arduous, upward march of progress. It is impossible to believe that this goal will ever be really lost sight of or that it can be achieved by any one race, particularly by any race that relies on mental inbreeding for its progeny of ideas, or that depends on its muscles to do the work of its brains. Mr. Gosse enforces his warning by a homely story of a young Londoner who was brought almost to his grave by a never-varied diet of mutton chops. It would be quite possible for a nation to be brought to an intellectual grave, or at least to a stagnation like that to be observed in China, if, as is most improbable at this stage of the history of Western Christendom, it were, for any long time, to narrow its mental diet to the works of its own writers, and especially to the works of contemporary authors.

Now, as I have intimated, I do not believe that any modern nation is in such a state of mental isolation or is likely to reach it. But there are always millions of persons in every generation who, often through no fault of their own, suffer from such isolation. I know many teachers, writers, and otherwise great scholars who suffer from it badly. But our ideal literary student should not. In addition to endeavoring to combine in his work of self-culture the methods employed both by the professional student and by the literary

amateur, he should always aim to look at every problem that confronts him from the cosmopolitan point of view, a point of view not to be attained without labor or without cordial sympathy with the best spirits of other nations. For example, it would seem almost impossible, did I not know it to be a fact, for men aiming at ideal culture to educate themselves without the least reference to the work of Count Tolstoi or with an explosive wrath against it. National and individual isolation in literature is, therefore, just as much to be shunned as the mechanical methods of the professional student and the desultoriness of the amateur.

I am well aware, in conclusion, that all that I have said may be rightly pronounced extremely general, and, in so far, more or less commonplace, inadequate, and difficult of application. But it must be remembered that literature, holding as it does by the ideal, is, like the ideal, always eluding us. No one has ever succeeded in satisfactorily defining literature, much less in telling us exactly how best to appreciate and study it. In fact, if one could teach literature with the precision with which one can teach mathematics, would the fascinating study be itself? would it not lose much of its fascination?

But apart from the comparative impossibility of laying down hard and fast, concrete methods of studying literature to advantage, it should be remembered, I think, that a statement of sound general principles is often of great positive utility in furnishing us with a proper point of departure for our own studies and investigations. It is in their statement of general principles that the great critics are as a rule most illuminating and instructive. For this reason the "Poetics" of Aristotle, as Mr. Courthope has just shown us in his admirable book entitled "Life in Poetry, Law in Taste," is of as much value to us as it was to that philosopher's contemporaries, and of greater value than it was to critics of two centuries ago, because the latter emphasized and misapprehended minor and special statements, whereas we emphasize rather Aristotle's profound generalizations. For this reason, too, I venture to think, certain essays of Matthew Arnold's—

for example, that on the "Study of Poetry" prefixed to Ward's "English Poets"—will mean more to posterity than the far more brilliant essays of his contemporary, James Russell Lowell. It is, I repeat, most important to obtain a safe point of departure from sound generalizations. It is like having the union station in a town we are leaving pointed out to us. We may take the wrong train after we enter the station; but if we go wandering about the town, we shall get no train at all.

I am not sure, of course, that the generalizations I have given are worthy of confidence, but experience teaches me to think that they are. I believe that the reason why men and women are turning more and more to literary studies is that they find in them the readiest means of access to the ideal. I believe that those students who, like myself, make a profession of letters are constantly in danger of mistaking the letter of literature for its spirit, and of pursuing mechanically a study that should engage the highest faculties of mind and heart and soul. Hence I am sure that the professional student will find it profitable always to bear in mind the aims and methods of the lovers of literature, whom for convenience we call amateurs. On the other hand, I am convinced that, while the aims of many amateurs are high, their methods of approaching literature are often narrow, inconsistent, unintelligent, and their purposes too self-centered. They can, therefore, profit greatly by following the guidance of competent critics and teachers—in other words, by acknowledging some authority in matters of taste besides their own sweet wills. In short, I give my allegiance neither to an aristocracy of letters, a so-called class of cultured Mandarins in whom all learning resides, nor to a democracy of letters, in which every man's judgment is as good as his neighbor's, but to a constitutional republic of letters like the United States in politics—a republic in which there are both aristocratic and democratic classes or estates, which can flourish only through mutual intelligence and coöperation and through cultivating the friendliest international relations. In other words, we need a critic to do for students

of English and American literature what Burke has done for students of English and American politics. After we get him we may perhaps look forward to the time when a great modern Aristotle shall apply the critical method to the chaos of knowable things, and give the world a "Synthetic Philosophy" that shall surpass even the monumental labors of Herbert Spencer. In the meanwhile we whose functions and aspirations are much humbler may labor while we wait, may somewhat lighten his labors, and may prepare men and women to appreciate them. For to prepare men and women to study literature is really to prepare them to appreciate the highest mental and moral achievements.

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## THE POE-CHIVERS TRADITION RE-EXAMINED.

To the present generation the name of Thomas Holley Chivers is known, if at all, as one that is in some dim manner connected with the name and fame of Edgar Allan Poe. He was a Southerner, who wrote poetry; but whether as a forerunner, disciple, or mere parodist of the greater poet, few would undertake to say. Even these two facts could not be learned from the ordinary American biographies and literary histories. The voluminous old "Duyckinck" and the late catholic "American Anthology" of Mr. Stedman both ignore his existence. Mr. Stedman, in his "Poets of America," mentions him incidentally, and magazine articles have from time to time shed over him somewhat of illumination with rather more of mystery, with the total result that the general attitude of students of our literature toward him has been one of either complacent indifference or irritated contempt. The persistence, however, of his obscure fame argues a sufficient cause; and, moreover, in view of the high and permanent place which Poe holds, it is desirable that the status of a poet who succeeded in linking his name so closely with Poe's should be precisely determined. An attempt to do this has lately been made by Prof. James A. Harrison in his edition of Poe's works; but it is believed that the present investigation, which was carried on quite independently, will show that the conclusion there recorded is somewhat hasty and considerably too sweeping.

Chivers was born near Washington, Ga., in 1807 or 1809.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The date commonly accepted is 1807. Prof. Harrison's reason for adopting 1809 finds a little additional support, perhaps, in the fact that Chivers dated one of his early poems, a sort of parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket," at "Transylvania University, April 10, 1830." Chivers was graduated from Transylvania "in or about 1828," says Mr. Joel Benton. Apparently he was not graduated before 1830; and twenty-one is a somewhat more probable age for graduation at that day than twenty-three. It looks, therefore, a little as if the date of his birth has in some manner been set back two years, carrying with it subsequent calculations. But the matter is of no real importance. Poe was born in 1809.

Graduating in medicine at Transylvania (now Kentucky) University, he went North and married; and from 1837 onward, according to dates attached to his poems, divided his time between New York, New Haven, Conn., and "Villa Allegra," Decatur, Ga., being sometimes at all three places in the same year. He had sufficient property to make him virtually independent of his profession. He made his home finally at Decatur, dying in 1858. His four eldest children died of typhoid fever in infancy in close succession. Many of his poems were, as he called them, "the saintly children of his sorrowful love."

He published in all some ten or twelve volumes and pamphlets, chiefly of verse, beginning with "The Path of Sorrow" (Philadelphia, 1832), and ending with "The Sons of Usna, A Tragic Apotheosis in Five Acts" (Philadelphia, 1858). Six of these have been examined by the present writer. The four most important, apparently comprehending everything of value that Chivers wrote, are: "Nacoochee; or, The Beautiful Star, with Other Poems," New York, 1837; "The Lost Pleiad, and Other Poems," New York, 1845; "Eonchs of Ruby, A Gift of Love," New York, 1851; "Virginalia; or, Songs of My Summer Nights: A Gift of Love for the Beautiful," Philadelphia, 1853. The last-named, together with a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, "Atlanta; or, The True Blessed Island of Poesy: A Paul<sup>2</sup> Epic in Three Lustra," Macon, Ga., 1853, is in the British Museum. The old statement, repeated by Prof. Harrison, that the Museum contains a complete set of his works, is incorrect.

The intrinsic value of the poetry is not great; neither, as will be seen, is it so small as to warrant dismissing it with contempt. But the point of primary interest lies undoubtedly in the similarity of much of it to Poe's poetry, and about this has grown a controversy. While Poe was yet alive

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<sup>2</sup>So runs the puzzling title, quite unexplained by anything in the poem itself, which is an Indian tale. Prof. Harrison conjectures, "A Prose Epic." But there is no possibility of such error. The poem is in blank verse, and the British Museum copy is one originally presented by the author to Horace Greeley, containing corrections in the author's hand.

Chivers seems to have intimated privately that Poe was indebted to his poem "To Allegra in Heaven" for certain elements in "The Raven." Then in 1853, four years after Poe's death, he made an open charge of plagiarism in the *Waverley Magazine*, adducing numerous examples in evidence. In this way, rightfully or wrongfully, he secured a certain fame which he probably would not have secured otherwise, and it is this matter especially which needs adjudicating. The most cursory comparison of his lyrics with Poe's will reveal an enormous amount of indebtedness on one side or the other.

The first bit of evidence is quite against Chivers. Poe's "Israfel," with its motto and its familiar line, "Whose heart-strings are a lute" (in connection with which there is some further curious and very interesting history), was published in the "second edition" of his "Poems" in 1831. In 1836 Poe was on the staff of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and in that magazine reprinted, among other things, "Israfel." Chivers had already been industriously bombarding the magazine with his own poems; for in 1835 appeared an editorial rebuke to one "T. H. C., M.D.," who, like Keats before him, was advised to keep to his lancet and pill box. Chivers therefore certainly read Poe's verses, and it is equally certain that Poe thus early saw Chivers's verses in manuscript. In 1837 Chivers published "Nacoochee; or, The Beautiful Star." The title suggests Poe's "Al Aaraaf," yet it is merely a Simms-like Indian name for an Indian legend. The volume is further made up of a curious jumble of religious hymns, Byronic blank verse, and Shelleyan lyrics. There is just one line in it all—"With an ecstasy of love"—which sounds like an echo of "Israfel." However that be, in Chivers's next published collection there is a poem dated 1842, in which the angel Israfel himself appears, to become thereafter one of the poet's regular and much-abused properties.

This new collection of poems, "The Lost Pleiad" (another stellar title), was published in 1845, six months after Poe's fame was so widely spread by the appearance of "The Raven." It contains plenty of evidence of a trivial nature that the author was familiar with Poe's poems and tales. On the

other hand, it contains a lament on the death of the poet's mother, dated 1839, with the refrain of "No, nevermore," a matter perhaps equally trivial, but one to which Chivers tried to attach some importance. Of greater importance is the poem upon which more specifically he founded his later charge. This is "To Allegra Florence in Heaven." It is dated December 12, 1842, and, the author tells us, was first published then. His dates seem to be in every case trustworthy. Two years, therefore, before "The Raven," whenever written, took final shape for publication, this poem had appeared. A few lines (divided in the original) will show its character:

Holy angels now are bending to receive thy soul ascending  
Up to heaven to joys unending, and to bliss which is divine;  
While thy pale, cold form is fading under Death's dark wings now shading  
Thee with gloom which is pervading this poor broken heart of mine! . . .  
And as God doth lift thy spirit up to heaven, there to inherit  
Those rewards which it doth merit, such as none have reaped before;  
Thy dear father will to-morrow lay thy body with deep sorrow  
In the grave which is so narrow, there to rest for evermore!

Certainly in spirit and in movement this is a fair model for "The Raven." Chivers's distinct claim was that he was the first "to make the trochaic rhythm express an elegiac theme," the first to employ a certain method of alliteration, etc. Against this may perhaps be set a fragment of the same movement from the earliest published form of Poe's "The Bridal Ballad" (*Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1837):

And my friends are all delighted  
That his love I have requited—  
And my mind is much benighted  
If I am not happy now.

This, however, notwithstanding its movement, quite lacks the poetic quality—the peculiar atmosphere—of the poems under discussion. That atmosphere we find in another poem of Chivers's which he says was published in a Philadelphia newspaper as early as 1836, and which, though he did not himself emphasize it, presents as strong evidence as any in the case. It is entitled "Ellen Aeyre," and runs thus:

Like the Lamb's wife, seen in vision,  
Coming down from heaven above,

Making earth like Fields Elysian,  
 Golden city of God's love—  
 Pure as jasper, clear as crystal,  
 Decked with twelve gates richly rare,  
 Statued with twelve angels vestal—  
 Was the form of Ellen Aeyre,  
 Gentle girl so debonair;  
 Whitest, brightest of all cities—saintly angel, Ellen Aeyre.

This may well be conceived to be some of the base metal which Poe transmuted with his finer fancy. Only it is a pity he did not transmute it all; the atrocious word *debonair*, for instance, mars several of his poems.

To the credit of both poets it should be said that neither, at this time, 1845, hinted at any undue imitation by the other. On the contrary, Poe's characterization of Chivers in his article on "Autography" contained considerable praise; and now, in the summer of 1845, when the volume of Chivers appeared, Poe reviewed it most favorably in the *Broadway Journal*, and reprinted there one of the poems, "To Isa Singing," which, by the way, contains these lines:

With music such as fell  
 From lips of Israfel.

The fact is that at this stage the two were about even on the score of mutual indebtedness, though Poe's indebtedness must have been quite unconscious, while Chivers's occasional imitations, so far as they were conscious, were mostly of the patent kind that indicate only an honest admiration—a distinction that Poe was always acute enough to make.

Chivers published no more books until after Poe's death. Then, in 1851 and 1853, he published four volumes in rapid succession. These contain a great variety of poems, chiefly short lyrics, and among them most of those which have usually been quoted as showing the manner of Poe. In "Eonchs of Ruby"<sup>3</sup> may be found "Lily Adair:"

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<sup>3</sup>The word *Eonch* seems to be a free adaptation of the Greek word which has been transferred into English as *conch*. Chivers uses it in the sense of "a shell."



Where the Opaline Swan circled, singing,  
 With her eider-down Cygnets at noon,  
 In the tall Jasper Reeds that were springing  
 From the marge of the crystal Lagoon—  
 Rich Canticles, clarion-like, golden,  
 Such as only true love can declare,  
 Like an Archangel's voice in times olden—  
 I went with my Lily Adair—  
 With my lamblike Lily Adair—  
 With my saintlike Lily Adair—  
 With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

—*Stanza 3.*

In the same volume is "The Lusiad"—

On the banks of Tallapoosa,  
 Long time ago,  
 Where it mingles with the Coosa,  
 Southward to flow—  
 Dwelt the maid I love, sweet Lucy!  
 Lucy, long time ago—

with which compare Poe's "The Haunted Palace." There are even more patent imitations, in which sometimes the fantastic nomenclature manufactured by Poe is freely employed, but it is needless to multiply examples.

The volume "Virginia" contains testimony of exceptional value because many of the poems bear dates, from 1832 onward. The early poems are commonplace, with the exception of one which seems to have been inspired by Tennyson's "The Poet." Dated 1842 is a poem entitled "Uranothern" (another Greek form), with an Israfelian echo, and with many words and phrases, such as "mystic hydromel," "hyaline," "light-ensandaled feet," "cherubimic truths," which possibly suggest Poe, but rather more strongly Shelley and Miss Barrett. By 1846 appears a

modest maiden,  
 Pretty, honny *Bessie Bell*,  
 Queen of all the flowers of Aiden.

(Has any one before Poe, or any one except Poe and Chivers, used the English form *Aiden*?) The poems dated after Poe's death—that is, from 1849 to 1853—bear almost without exception marked traces of Poe. There are such rhymes as "angel-evangel," "lion-zion-Orion," "Chalice-Alice," "writ-

ten-litten" (a word of Poe's devising). The vocabulary grows grotesque—"ulpsyche," "suckets," "melphonic," "anthosmial"—and Poe's celestial imagery becomes very observable. Without dates are several parodies:

By the lies that thou hast spoken—  
By this trusting heart now broken,  
In the shades of bright Hoboken,  
Thou shalt die, dear Isabel!

In this city, in the Palace  
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,  
Standing eastward of the Eden of the Green—  
Dwells the Lady Ellen Mary  
Who is of her charms so chary  
That opinions never vary  
Of her beauty in Tontine—  
All agreeing she is belle of this Tontine—  
Cynosure of all the lesser lights that twinkle in Tontine.

These were overlooked by Mr. Ingram, who made a collection of parodies on "The Raven." There is also a serious poem, a requiem on the death of Henry Clay, which is a deliberate paraphrase of "The Bells." A poem called "Lily Adair" contains four additional stanzas in the same measure as those similarly entitled in the preceding volume. On the same plan is constructed "Rosalie Lee," in six stanzas, the third of which (the second below) has often been quoted, but always so incorrectly as to make grammatical nonsense of it.

On the banks of the yellow lilies,  
Where the cool wave wanders by,  
All bedamasked with Daffodillies,  
And the bee-beset Crowtie;  
More mild than the Paphian Luna  
To her nude Nymphs on the Sea,  
There dwelt, with her milk-white Una,  
My beautiful Rosalie Lee—  
My high-born Rosalie Lee—  
My childlike Rosalie Lee—  
My beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

Many mellow Cydonian Suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,  
From the Ruby-rimmed Beryline buckets,  
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline—

Like that sweet golden goblet found growing  
On the wild emerald Cucumber tree—  
Rich, brilliant, like Chrysopraz blowing—  
I then brought to my Rosalie Lee—  
To my lamblike Rosalie Lee—  
To my dovelike Rosalie Lee—  
To my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

The poem is not dated, but stands immediately after a poem called "The Fall of Usher," which is a threnody on the death of Poe.

In this free and easy manner, then, between 1849 and 1853, Chivers was allowing his Muse to riot on the patrimony of the dead poet. If his practice elicited no protest, it might be because it was considered unworthy of notice, or it might be because so much of his work was done in real admiration of one who had been his friend. It seems more likely, however, that there was some protest, which would account for Chivers's action in attempting to turn the charge of plagiarism against Poe. In the same year in which he publicly did this, 1853, he published at Philadelphia "Memorialia; or, Phials of Amber, Full of the Tears of Love." An examination of this volume reveals that it was made by taking "Eonchs of Ruby," discarding the long initial poem, substituting six short, worthless ones, and binding them up with the remaining sheets under a new title. The poem discarded was "The Vigil in Aiden." In it one Politian is represented as mourning for his lost love, Lenore, who, dying, promised him that they should meet in the Rosy Bowers of Aiden "for evermore." But Lucifer, the "damned Demon," conjures up visions in an endeavor to seduce him from Lenore, declaring "with the voice of his dear Leman" that he shall meet her "never—nevermore." The maiden, however, appears to him in a vision, confirming her promise, and the poem ends with his triumph over the demon and his translation to Aiden and Lenore. Clearly Politian is Poe, and Lenore is Poe's Lenore, and the entire poem is at once a sort of pendant to "The Raven," a tribute to the genius of the poet, and an elegy upon his death. With some diffuseness, some declamation,

and a few falls from poetic grace, it is still a pretty creditable poem, one of the best of the many poems written in this style (though also overlooked by Mr. Ingram), and decidedly one of the most ambitious poems Chivers ever wrote. The suppression of it must have some connection with the controversy which arose at that time. Yet it could hardly have been suppressed simply because it might seem to weaken Chivers's case. Other Poelike poems were allowed to stand; and besides Chivers pretty consistently took an attitude of offense and not defense. It appears most probable that in his growing feeling against the memory of Poe he wished to withdraw such a manifest tribute.

Such is the evidence collectible from Chivers's published volumes. It seems to establish several facts. The most patent is this: that after the year of Poe's widespread fame (1845), Chivers, with a remarkable native gift for melodious versification, and already an occasional imitator of Poe, came strongly under the influence of Poe's poetry, and then began to produce, and after Poe's death collected for final publication, nearly all of his poems that so strikingly resemble Poe's. This was done, too, in friendliness of spirit, and the charges of plagiarism, which came with a peculiarly bad grace from one so deeply in debt, were a late development. These charges, however, so far as they imply a certain amount of quite legitimate and scarcely conscious obligations, are also seen to be not without foundation, and Prof. Harrison should not be allowed to dismiss them as of no significance. "To Allegra in Heaven" does contain both the movement and something of the sentiment of "The Raven;" and there is that peculiarly euphonious line in the still earlier "Ellen Aeyre,"

Whitest, brightest of all cities—saintly angel, Ellen Aeyre,

which, set by the side of a dozen different lines in "The Raven,"

Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before,  
furnishes corroborating evidence of a convincing kind. How-

ever much, therefore, Chivers both initially and finally owed to Poe, it is of the highest probability that Poe also owed something initially to Chivers, and the two poems just mentioned must be taken along with Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," and what not besides, as having played their little part in the genesis of "The Raven." Moreover, the man who, in 1836, could write "Ellen Aeyre," with the line above quoted, had, even after Poe's Lenores and Annabel Lees and the rest, some title to go on writing his own Isadores and Rosalie Lees and beautiful, dutiful Lily Adairs without making any very profuse apologies to Poe. Of course it is still Poe who made these themes and the manner of treating them effective, and it is a fatal admission of weakness on the part of Chivers that he accepted the leadership of Poe. Chivers, indeed, does not seem to have recognized the value of the peculiar outcroppings of his genius until Poe worked the vein, and then he industriously set about working it after him. Even then he did not succeed in extracting pure gold; Poe alone did that.

In connection with the particular subject of the genesis of "The Raven" there is another matter that seems worth considering. Albert Pike's "Isadore" (or "The Widowed Heart"), which was published in *The New Mirror* in 1843, is sometimes spoken of as a prototype of "The Raven." The third stanza of the poem is as follows:

The vines and flowers we planted, love, I tend with anxious care,  
And yet they droop and fade away as though they wanted air;  
They cannot live without thine eyes, to glad them with their light,  
Since thy hands ceased to train them, love, they cannot grow aright.  
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore.

"Illusory," indeed, as Mr. Stedman says, is the fancied likeness of "The Raven" to this. But on the other hand there can be no illusion in finding in this poem of Pike's echoes both of Moore and of Tennyson's "May Queen." And this prompts the observation that the influence of Tennyson's



earliest poems upon American verse has not been sufficiently recognized. The "May Queen" appeared in 1832. Tennyson's earlier volume (1830) contained, it will be remembered, a number of little poems addressed to or written about women with melodious names—Claribel and Isabel, Mariana and Oriana, Madeline and Adeline, Rosalind and Eleanor. American magazine verse of the ensuing decade was full of these sentimental effusions. The Isabels and Isadores and Rosalie Lees are simply countless. The new influence, of course, was tempered or intensified by the lingering influence of Moore and Byron and Shelley. Tennyson himself derived from Keats. But it is clear just what kind of poetic ferment was working in the brains of our lyrists, especially in the Middle and Southern States, where transcendental philosophies did not avail to quench the ardors of very human amorists. The noteworthy thing is that the lovely maidens who inspired their lays were so often transferred to heaven, which brought in a profusion of celestial machinery—Aiden, for instance, and the seraphic host. Now Albert Pike, unless the poem has given rise to the story, lost his wife and mourned her in "Isadore." Chivers had lost his children, and his life was profoundly saddened. Both of these men would easily fall into the mood of the morbidly sentimental "May Queen." Is it too much to conjecture that out of these personal afflictions sprang a tendency which found its culmination in the loftily conceived and musically expressed "Raven" of Poe, with the imaginary lost Lenore for inspiration?

This extended comparison has incidentally revealed the qualities of Chivers's verse, so that but little need be said in conclusion respecting its intrinsic value. The opinion of the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, who found in it, according to "his poor taste, not much poetry," may be disregarded. The editor's taste is no less self-condemned than self-confessed, for he printed multitudinous verses of the "O breathe again" and "'Tis sweet to rove" variety. But Poe's criticism in his article on "Autography" (1841) is worthy of attention:

Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of New York, is at the same time one of the best and one of the worst poets in America. His productions affect one as a wild dream—strange, incongruous, full of images of more than arabesque monstrosity, and snatches of sweet unsustained song. Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indefinite charm of sentiment and melody. We can never be sure that there is *any* meaning in his words—neither is there any meaning in many of our finest musical airs—but the effect is very similar in both. His figures of speech are metaphor run mad, and his grammar is often none at all. Yet there are as fine individual passages to be found in the poems of Dr. Chivers as in those of any poet whatsoever.

Abating the exaggeration of praise in the last sentence, this, though written before most of Chivers's work was done, remains a very fair estimate. He is precisely a poet of glimpses and snatches, with no intelligent control of his really remarkable gifts. He could write very fair humorous verse, and yet he had not the saving sense of humor to keep him from writing some perfectly ludicrous serious verse. His genius was to madness so terribly near allied that the partitions usually broke quite down, and he has suffered from the intemperate praise of equally unbalanced readers who felt the power of his melody and imagination without being able to feel the countervailing defects. At his worst, one can hardly say how bad he is. He will gather conventional and conflicting epithets into a jumble of sheer nonsense. His "Atlanta" shows what the riotous romanticism of Keats's "Endymion" can lead to. Again, his verse is often utterly flat and colorless. Always with him, *facilis descensus Averni*, as sometimes with Poe himself. Take this:

Thou wert as lovely as the hind—  
As pleasant as the roe;  
Thy beauty most was of the wind—  
To wisdom thou wert more inclined  
Than any one I know.

Or this, of Byron:

He was Humanity's incarnate wail—  
Wasting away his soul in one sad tale;  
The living type of truths that shall prevail  
Long after individual power shall fail.

Indeed, one hesitates to make any serious claim for a poet who could write

In his arms he quickly caught her,  
Like Virginius did his daughter.

Yet when Chivers gets away from his scarcely inspired religious or amorous verse, and, by good fortune escaping bathos, takes a cometary flight into those regions of which the human imagination is sometimes made free, the result is startling. In "The Poet of Love," for example, we read of

the music of the Morns,  
Blown through the Corybantine Horns  
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Morns,  
By the great angel of Eternity,  
Thundering, Come to me! Come to me!

It is easy to say "Sound and fury!" but after all such sound and fury is not often put into verse. Chivers's delight in the sound is manifest enough. In the same poem the "Corybantine Horns" become "Conchimarian Horns" and "Chrysomelian Horns." But resonant names like these are a legitimate element in verse, and when we remember what an important element Poe was wont to consider them we can understand his own high praise.

Mr. Swinburne is said to have discovered Chivers in his youth and to have read him with delight. Take the lines in "Rosalie Lee" cited above:

More mild than the Paphian Luna  
To her nude Nymphs on the Sea.

Any one familiar with Mr. Swinburne's early poetry would, with the highest confidence, pronounce these lines to be his. Or take this stanza from "Lily Adair:"

Her eyes, lily-lidded, were azure,  
Cerulean, celestial, divine—  
Suffused with the soul-light of pleasure,  
Which drew all the soul out of mine.  
She had all the rich grace of the Graces,  
And all that they had not to spare;  
For it took all their beautiful faces  
To make one for Lily Adair.

Then read Mr. Swinburne's "Dolores:"

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel  
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;  
The heavy white limbs and the cruel  
Red mouth like a venomous flower;  
When these are gone by with their glories,  
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,  
O mystic and somber Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain?

Or take once more Chivers's "To Isa Singing:"

Upon thy lips now lies  
The music dew of love;  
And in thy deep blue eyes,  
More mild than heaven above,  
The meekness of the dove.

Then read Mr. Swinburne's "Fragoletta" or "Felise," weighing carefully the cadences. His debt to Chivers is as patent as his debt to Alfred de Musset.

On the fly leaf of Evert A. Duyckinck's copy of "Memorialia," now in the Lenox Library at New York, is written (not in Duyckinck's hand): "Formula for Chivers: Shelley, 20 per cent; Poe, 20 per cent; mild idiocy, 20 per cent; gibbering idiocy, 20 per cent; raving mania, 10 per cent; sweetness and originality, 10 per cent;" with some profane defense of Chivers in still another hand. It is the ten per cent of sweetness and originality, and, if mathematics will allow it, another ten per cent of rhythm and imagination, that one would like to rescue from these almost forgotten verses. "The Lusiad," of which a stanza is quoted above, has a modulated music that becomes really captivating as one pursues it through stanza after stanza, and there is little but the wretched pun in the title to make one aware of the fatal limitations of the eccentric poet. As a final example of Chivers at his wildest and best may be cited here a poem, the fifteenth line of which once elicited Bayard Taylor's admiration:

APOLLO.

What are stars but hieroglyphics of God's glory writ in lightning  
On the wide-unfolded pages of the azure scroll above?  
But the quenchless apotheoses of thoughts forever brightening  
In the mighty Mind immortal of the God whose name is Love?

Diamond letters sculptured, rising, on the azure ether pages,  
 That now sing to one another, unto one another shine—  
 God's eternal Scripture talking, through the midnight, to the Ages,  
 Of the life that is immortal, of the life that is divine—  
 Life that *cannot* be immortal, but the life that is divine.

Like some deep, impetuous river from the fountains everlasting,  
 Down the serpentine soft valley of the vistas of all Time,  
 Over cataracts of adamant uplifted into mountains,  
 Soared his soul to God in thunder on the wings of thought sublime.  
 With the rising golden glory of the sun in ministrations,  
 Making oceans metropolitan of splendor for the dawn—  
 Piling pyramid on pyramid of music for the nations—  
 Sings the Angel who sits shining everlasting in the sun,  
 For the stars which are the echoes of the shining of the sun.

Like the lightnings piled on lightnings, ever rising, never reaching,  
 In one monument of glory toward the golden gates of God—  
 Voicing out themselves in thunder upon thunder in their preaching,  
 Piled this Cyclop up his Epic where the Angels never trod.  
 Like the fountains everlasting that for evermore are flowing  
 From the throne within the center of the City built on high,  
 With their genial irrigation life for evermore bestowing—  
 Flows his lucid, liquid river through the gardens of the sky,  
 For the stars forever blooming in the gardens of the sky.

No such renascence awaits Chivers as overtook the fame of Blake, but some little echo of his music merits a furlough from oblivion. There are less worthy poems than the foregoing in every anthology of American verse that has neglected to give him a place.

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NOTE.—The documentary evidence brought forth in "The Poe-Chivers Papers," recently edited for the *Century Magazine*, January-February, 1903, by Professor Woodberry, tends throughout to support the foregoing conclusions, which were based almost wholly on internal evidence. Moreover, Professor Woodberry's opinion that Chivers "was in parallelism with Poe, so to speak, and was attracted to him till he coalesced," is precisely in accord with the conclusions drawn above, as against Professor Harrison's more radical view. One point of interest in the personal history of the two men is that Poe, in need of money for his publishing ventures, had reasons of policy for cultivating the friendship of Chivers, and he might therefore have tolerated in Chivers's poetry liberties which he would have resented from a Longfellow. Yet the weight of evidence leaves finally no room to doubt that Poe's friendship was as sincere as he was capable of feeling for any man, and that all his published criticism of Chivers's work represented his real opinion. Another point is made clear: that there was



a definite protest against Chivers's flagrant imitation of Poe. A letter to him from Simms, April 5, 1852, exhorted him earnestly to "give up Poe as a model and guide." Doubtless this was as instrumental as anything in precipitating the subsequent discussion, in which Chivers, under the influence of what Professor Woodberry calls his fully developed "Orphic egotism," claimed everything and conceded nothing. "The Vigil in Aiden" is specially mentioned, but it is defended with equal assurance, so that there still appears no better reason for its suppression than the one offered above. In the matter of Mr. Swinburne's delight in Chivers, Mr. Stedman's observation takes in Professor Woodberry's hands a wholly humorous aspect: "Swinburne was known, among American friends, to exercise the divine right of inextinguishable laughter over such verses." It may be; but, if so, Chivers would have something to reply for himself at the bar of divine consistency.

A. G. N.

## LUCRETIIUS.

THE really poetical passages in the poem of Lucretius "On the Nature of Things" are like oases in a mighty desert. They are the resting places where he girds himself for the journey over the vast dreary stretches of the poem which, it must be confessed, are as devoid of poetical interest as the "Principia" of Newton or Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." A poem which was intended to demonstrate the abstract rules of physical motions and combinations from its very nature cannot be poetical without deviations from its fundamental propositions. In such a work we may set down as clear gain any passage into which has been thrown a fine image or a picture whose poetic beauty none can deny. And we must judge the author not by the limits which to-day we may set for poetical action, but by the subject and the age in which the writer lived.

The Athenian standing in his theater and looking out over the countless dimplings of the deep, stands as the representative of the Aryan race whose poetic power was most highly developed, and who had the keenest appreciation of what was most beautiful in art. With him artistic expression reached its highest development, and his canons have largely been the guide of later ages. At the other extreme stands the Roman whose mission was the development of law and of congregational harmony among men. He had a sturdy independence of character, and of necessity became a warrior, his fundamental traits intensifying as time went on, so that after centuries of development he was still struggling to realize his ideal of legal rather than of literary harmonies.

Taine, in his "History of English Literature," has shown us how the physical and psychic qualities of a people may be reflected in all their forms of literary expression, and of no writer is this more true than of Lucretius. The idea of

Law, which he sought to establish for the universe, was but another side of the great problem which the Roman nation had set itself to solve. To trace his personal history in his work is impossible. Scientific works give us no key to the personal history of their authors, and to this statement the work of Lucretius is no exception. Here and there a vivid touch shows that he had an eye for the beauties of nature, but we cannot tell what he had seen. He describes a shipwreck with great vividness, but it may be that he never saw one; he writes of legions stirring up the mimicry of war, but we do not know that he ever watched the movements of an army. Shakespeare tells of the poet whose function is to give to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name, and who would undertake to decide whether literary creations are of the actual or of the fictional world?

Among the vague traditions of a later day we learn nothing of value about the poet. We may indefinitely summarize the ancient references by saying that he was born sometime in the 90's B.C., and died when less than fifty years of age. Enough of the marvelous is added to the brief biography by the statements that he was crazed by a love potion administered by his wife; that he composed his poetry during intervals of sanity, and that this was afterwards amended by Cicero.

Cicero himself furnishes us with no evidence that he either amended or edited the works of Lucretius. He speaks of them but once in a letter to his brother, in which he mentions genius and art; but certainty in the interpretation of the passage is not attainable, for we do not know just what Cicero wrote. Cicero, as well as his brother, had read the work, and this may indicate an independent publication by some other person. Had Cicero amended the poem, we should expect some evidences of this at points where it is not shown, although the amended text may have perished and the original form only have come down to us. But the strongest evidence against the Ciceronian editorship is the fact that, ten years after reading the work of Lucretius, he

wrote his work "On the Nature of the Gods," in which he shows no single trace of the argumentation of Lucretius.

The work as we have it is, in verbal finish, inferior to the works of Vergil. This may indicate that he died, as did Vergil, before he could give to it the finishing touches, or that the statement in regard to his insanity is true. Under either supposition we can account for a noticeable repetition of words and phrases. But the story of his insanity can be readily explained by the supposition that it really had its origin with a pious scribe who wished to discredit a work which attacked the existing religion. To him the wish would be the father to the thought, for to him the insanity of Lucretius would mean that nature had declared her abhorrence of the man who dared to try to prove that the gods had no active part in regulating the universe.

In his view of the subordination of all things to law, Lucretius was a typical Roman, for the predominant Roman idea and that of Lucretius is the same—the idea of power working according to law. It was this which led him to prefer scientific exposition to poetry and made his work a discussion of the laws of nature. The introductory lines of the poem have been considered as a concession to the spirit of the times, and as giving a portraiture of Venus not in harmony with the remainder of the poem. But Venus is to be taken as a symbol of the laws of animation, rather than as the carnal goddess worshiped by the Romans. To Lucretius religion is ever the monster superstition with terrible aspect standing over men. To show whence this specter came is a part of the work of the poet. Cybele, the earth mother, is a personification of the powers of nature; Jupiter, or Father Zeus, is a personification of the powers of the air. But man thinks they are realities, and Lucretius must help him to think aright. In doing this it is shown that man is under the control of natural forces. Not only is this demonstrated, but the laws of his being are given, and it is shown that there is not a universe and man, but only a universe in which man is an integral physical part. In this universe

not mind but force is supreme. Upon this platform Lucretius takes his stand, arguing that mind is not free, and with a grand intellectual effort reviews all the systems of philosophy and tries to banish mind as an entity from the world.

As Sellar has well said, it is the association of great laws, not of great memories, that moves him in the contemplation of the universe. He has not, like Catullus, the delight of the artist in painting outward scenes. He does not, like Vergil, express the charm of old associations attaching to famous places. His idea of law permeated his view of human life. There is something of the same sadness in both Hamlet and Lucretius. Not that the latter analyzes himself as does Hamlet, though to the latter man is but an atom, an infinitesimal link in the infinite chain of nature; but still with the face of Hamlet looking sadly down upon the problem of human existence we may compare the face of Lucretius trying to solve the problem of the existence of the universe.

Bringing from the realm of sense the laws which govern men, he brought to the contemplation of the ways of men the same wondering awe with which he looked on the movements of the external world. While he treats of the universe as a fortuitous collection of atoms, he touches here and there upon the joy, the grief, the birth and death of men, and with the same reverence with which he deals with the facts of nature. There is a strange feeling of utter helplessness as he looks at man wandering and trying to find the way of life. There is evidence of conscious strength in his opening picture of the world, subject to the law of life; of exultation in his announcement of a world liberated from the thralldom of superstition. He was seeking for the universal, and the particular had value in his eyes only so far as it indicated something of the universal. It was owing to this that he carried his demonstration of law to the minutest corollaries. He moves slowly when demonstrating, and carefully develops each point, that all may be complete. His illustrations he touches but lightly, as though he did not think much of them; but threw them in that they might



please the reader's fancy or give him time to think of the fundamental facts of which he is writing. He subordinated his poetry to his science, and as a result the pleasure which a reader feels arises from the consideration of individual parts and not from the poem as a whole, for the radiant glow of poesy is impossible in a mathematical demonstration.

But in his poetry what is man? In the midst of the fortuitous collections of atoms excited to action by blows from all sides, the thought that he must pass again to the elements from which he came added little to the happiness of man. He can, it is true, form extensive plans of conquest and of empire; can, to some extent, control nature in her milder moods, but to the full power can offer no resistance. Lucretius saw the deep line that connected all material existences; saw the deep pathos of the struggles of man, and seemed to think that it had been better for him had he never been born. Sadness and woe are his heritage, and life is rounded with an everlasting sleep. And this is the life which he saw: A ship passing before him for a moment; whence it came he cannot tell, but the end is seen in the wreck that is strewn before his eyes. Yet from a steadfast gaze at this he did not shrink. From him came no Belialian wailing:

for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the womb of uncreated night  
Devoid of sense and motion?

In the presence of personal annihilation Lucretius stood as unemotional as a mathematician in the presence of a mathematical expression whose sum is equal to zero.

It is a true saying that the best thought of all ages has been given to the search after God. In various ways men have sought to explain their own actions and their relation to "a something not of themselves which makes for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold has expressed it. Lucretius postulates universal law, and finds in the primary forms the potentiality of every form of later development. Had he

been born in the present country, he would be classed with those who see in man as he now is the results of a long series of evolutions from lower types. He would be an evolutionist rather than a creationist, and would be opposed to those who regard moral insight and religious feeling as indicative of a personality higher than man. According to Lucretius, there was nothing potentially different from ourselves which made for righteousness. It is true that the Roman believed in gods; but according to Lucretius, these have overshadowed the race and terrified it so that instead of joy men have grief, and their lives are spent in darkness rather than in the light. In this he stands squarely opposed to the theistic teachings of all ages.

But if there be only material law, how has it come about that man has a belief in Divinity? To this Lucretius does not give a direct answer; but as his thesis does not agree with the common laws of men, he must have seen a way in which all things could be harmonized in accordance with the laws deduced by him for the government of the universe.

The answer which he might have given would be based on the meaning of the word "law." The common view of it is that it is restrictive and imposed by an external power. Yet it may be merely the objective statement of internal relationship, not a force superimposed and working from without, but simply an expression of the relations of the parts to which our defective analysis has given an apparently objective reality. The law of gravitation is a statement of the interaction of material particles; but it is beyond our power to tell how these particles can have any such relation to each other, nor did Lucretius try to solve the problem. He merely presented the inner relationship, and upon the basis of the atomic theory sought to show that from the combinations of atoms has come all that is, and that too without the interference of divine power. But having reduced law to an inner relationship, it will be necessary to consider how it is that this appears to man as the workings of an external personal power.

All this may be explained by the nature of the inferences of man. Man acts upon matter, and similar actions in nature are interpreted as the results of rational action. The principle is the projection of personality upon the cosmos whose movements are then interpreted in accordance with our own activities. There is great diversity in the productions and activities of nature, such as would not be expected under the operations of uniform law. Diversity implies a sportiveness or freedom which appears not to be acting according to law. The readiest explanation is to have recourse to a personality which can act upon the things about us. Man acts upon matter, and similar actions in nature are interpreted as the result of rational action. When man shall see that this interpretation is incorrect, and that calm reason alone can remove the terrors that haunt him, then, and not till then, can he be free.

To Lucretius well belongs the praise of being the most contemplative poet of antiquity. But the interest we feel in his deepest contemplations is greatly lessened in the presence of the exacter results of modern experimentation, though some of his postulates are postulates still. But when we examine the really poetical portions of his work, the case is different, for some of the passages are superior to anything else that can be found in Latin poetry. Difficulties of language, difficulties of subject were before him, yet he triumphed over both.

More than once he bewails the poverty of his ancestral language, but of this the radiant flowers of his poesy give no indication. The universe which once to men seemed animate was to him merely a collection of atoms. The dryads of the trees were dead, and nymphs no longer sported in the waters. Amid this wreck of old beliefs he sought to write a poesy that should express the beauty and the vigor of nature's life. Free from the influences of religious interpretation, he sought to express the beauty resulting from the harmonious interaction of the elements in nature. There is to be found in his poetry a freshness of feeling, an appreciation of nature, and the results of an apparently close observation of her every movement. The sea, the sky, the waters, birds and beasts

had each in its way impressed him, and, seeing the harmony running through the whole of nature, under the influence of this, he viewed each manifestation of form or action with a keen delight. With the finest of touches he paints his pictures of field and wood. He is rapid in his descriptions, and illustrates by flashes of light. His similes are short; his comparisons are generally given only in outline, and not with the full rich coloring often to be found in the works of the professed poets of nature.

Of the poets of Rome he stands the nearest to the men of to-day, an indication of the truly fundamental character of his thinking. In his philosophy he maintains the existence of atoms and of a subsensible world. From a religious standpoint he was a religious protestant, and, under other guise, attacked the system whose destruction was one of the early triumphs of Christianity. His poetry expresses the quintessence of naturalism, and critics find parallels to his thought in the writings of Wordsworth. He assumes a past development out of which have come the things that are. To him as to all materialistic speculators the origin of life is a profound mystery. Whence it came he cannot tell. Not from the gods, for they are unmotional; nor perhaps is this question of much importance, for all may soon vanish:

The gods, who haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred, everlasting calm!  
    . . . and that hour perhaps  
Is not so far when momentary man  
Shall seem no more a something to himself,  
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,  
And even his bones long laid within the grave,  
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,  
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,  
Into the unseen forever.

—Tennyson, "Lucretius."

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## A STUDY OF SHELLEY'S "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

It is the purpose of this essay to help, though ever so little, to the clearer comprehension of the thought underlying Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The poet has expressed his theory of human progress in language of such ethereal elusiveness that it escapes more or less the intellectual grasp. Yet clearly an understanding of the thought is essential to the appreciation of the poet's distinctive art, expression.

In the following the attempt is made to arrive at an understanding of "Prometheus Unbound:" (1) by an interpretation of the drama in the light of the rest of the poet's work; and (2) by a comparison between it and Goethe's "Faust," with a view to defining further Shelley's thought by differentiating it from its antithesis.

### I. AN INTERPRETATION.

When Saturn ruled the universe man lived a life of calm joy as the flowers do now before the wind or sun has withered them. But the God denied man his birthright—consciousness and all that it involves, freedom, reason, emotion.

This Saturnian existence—serene but lethargic—came to an end when Prometheus gave the government of the world to Jupiter with this command: "Let man be free." Thus mankind was endowed with consciousness and volition. But the new ruler, Jupiter, was malicious: he brought famine, toil, pain, terror, madness, crime, remorse, self-contempt—the whole train of evil—into the world. Prometheus, seeing earth thus Heaven-oppressed, in pity waked hope and love in man, and gave him as alleviations to his state art, knowledge, and control over physical forces.

For these services to mankind, Prometheus was bound,



at Jupiter's command, to Mount Caucasus. There we see him at the opening of Shelley's poem. He has been hanging there for ages of sleep-unsheltered hours, suffering every torture which the cruelty of Jove can devise. The Furies torment him with visions of suffering mankind: now he sees the gentlest Nazarene crucified; and now he hears the spirit of this Christ wailing for the faith he kindled, for the gospel of love which has been perverted into an anathema. The Titan agonizes under the implied reproach. He realizes that he is responsible for human suffering in that he aroused humanity from the Saturnian state of unconsciousness and wakened clear knowledge for man:

Then was kindled within him a thirst which outran  
Those perishing waters; a thirst of fierce fever,  
Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him forever.

The Furies exult at the anguish of Prometheus:

Past ages crowd on thee; but each one remembers,  
And the future is dark, and the present is spread  
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.

But though the future is dark, it is not quite hidden from the Titan. He does not know, indeed, the term of Jupiter's tyranny; but this he knows, that the hour will come when there will be an end. Moreover, Prometheus alone discerns the instrument whereby the Father of Evil is destined to be overthrown: a child will be born to Jupiter who will dethrone his father, for evil begets its own destruction. This is the secret, the revelation of which would procure for Prometheus reconciliation with Jupiter and release from torture. But he chooses rather to endure the unspeakable anguish, since the revelation of the secret would obviate the downfall of the Tyrant and so condemn mankind to eternal slavery under dominant Evil.

Thus unsubmissively the Champion of humanity suffers his woes. Suddenly he transcends them, with one leap attaining the height of his being. For whereas hitherto, blind with grief, he has hated his tormentor, now love wells up in his heart for the Tyrant. He pities Jupiter because the day of his doom must come:

What ruin

Will hunt thee undefended thro' the wide Heaven!  
 . . . I speak in grief,  
 Not exultation, for I hate no more,  
 As then ere misery made me wise.

Although Prometheus vaguely apprehends that now "Heaven can torment no more," yet he does not realize that the day of doom is actually at hand. He does not know that the moment he pitied Jupiter, thus making the sphere of his love absolutely all-inclusive, that moment the ruin of the Tyrant was initiated. Yet so it is. Only through Love can mankind be saved ultimately:

Most vain all hope but love.—*Act I.*

Fate, time, occasion, chance, and change—to these  
 All things are subject but eternal Love.—*Act II., iv.*

In "Queen Mab" the same principle is expressed when the initiation of the millennial period is called "the morn of love" (IX.). And in "The Revolt of Islam" it is shown operative: there we see

a nation  
 Made free by love.—*Canto V., xiv. 3.*

Love, then, the saving principle, is at work. The process has been set afoot which is to culminate in the emancipation of humanity through the dethronement of Jupiter by his offspring.

The immediate effect of the consummation of Love in Prometheus is to initiate his reunion with Asia, his beloved, from whom he has been separated during the years of his torture on Caucasus—years during which Prometheus, blind with grief, hated the Tyrant. That is, Mankind (Prometheus), omnipotent through perfected Love, begins to actualize its Ideal (Asia).

Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.—*Act II., v.*

Asia is one of the most elusive of Shelley's conceptions. With most delicate art the poet in mystic language vaguely shadows forth her meaning. She is the "lamp of earth," the

light of life,  
 Shadow of beauty unbeheld.—*Act III., iii.*

Prometheus drinks life from her loved eyes. By his soul she lives; and her transforming presence would fade if it were not mingled with his.

Such subtle language requires the illumination which, fortunately for us, flows abundantly from the rest of Shelley's work. Comment on Asia can be found in all of his greater poems, for the shadow of Asia early fell upon him:

Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!  
  
I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
Of studious zeal or love's delight  
Outwatched with me the envious night—  
They know that never joy illumed my brow  
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful Loveliness,  
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

—*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, v., vi.

So in "Alastor" the veiled maid whom the youth has seen in vision, and in pursuit of whom he dies, is again Asia: "Her voice was like the voice of his own soul"—that is, she was his soul's ideal objectified. Again in "Epipsychidion" the poet expands his conception of Asia:

Seraph of Heaven! . . .  
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light, and love, and immortality!  
. . . . .  
Veiled glory of this lampless Universe!  
. . . . .  
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!  
Thou Harmony of Nature's art!  
. . . . .  
The glory of her being . . .  
. . . one intense  
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,  
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
. . . . .

Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled  
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world;  
Scarce visible from extreme Loveliness.

—*Epipsychidion.*

In the light of these clearer statements, the mystic descriptions of Asia in "Prometheus Unbound" reveal their hidden wealth of significance. Asia is the Ideal of Life, Beauty, Nature: she is All that mankind has ever hoped for or longed for or loved. And now that Humanity is purged of all hatred, now that it is potent through love, this Ideal is moving to meet it: Asia leaves her far Indian vale to go to commingle with Prometheus.

That Asia's activity is not accidental, but the inevitable response to the change in Prometheus, is indicated unmistakably by the personification of Necessity or Destiny as Demogorgon, who, through his ministers, the Echoes, draws her to his cave whence the destined hour will bear her to Prometheus. Referring to the path of Asia to Demogorgon's cave, the spirits sing:

There those enchanted eddies play  
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,  
By Demogorgon's mighty law.

And first there comes a gentle sound  
To those in talk or slumber bound,  
And wakes the destined. Soft emotion  
Attracts, impels them: those who saw  
Say from the breathing earth behind  
There steams a plume-uplifting wind  
Which drives them on their path, while they  
Believe their own swift wings and feet  
The sweet desires within obey.—*Act II., ii.*

On the way to the cave of Destiny the Echoes sing to Asia, stating her connection with the next link in the concatenation of events which constitutes the process of the liberation of mankind:

In the world unknown  
Sleeps a voice unspoken;  
By thy step alone  
Can its rest be broken.—*Act II., i.*

This "voice unspoken" is the child of Jupiter, who is destined to dethrone his father. He exists already, but "unbodied." Jupiter is eagerly expecting the incarnation of this child, not knowing that it is his Doom, but believing that through it mankind will be finally subdued, for thus far man has suffered indeed, but without submission. Through the step of Asia the sleeping voice will awaken, through Asia Demogorgon (Destiny) will unloose through life's portal the snake-like Doom coiled underneath his throne.

Asia descends, then,

Through the gray void abysm,  
Down, down!

to the realm of Demogorgon. This realm was described by Shelley, though in somewhat different imagery, in "Queen Mab," where the poet leads us to "the cradles of Eternity."

Once Asia is within that cave whence Destiny loosens the Hours, once she is ready to depart thence to be united with Prometheus—the child of Jupiter, his Doom, can be incarnated. For the downfall of Evil must precede the actualization of Man's Ideal. The Doom of Jupiter is, of course, a manifestation of Destiny; and so in the shape of Demogorgon the fatal child appears to his father. The destiny, the doom which Jupiter begot, this, his offspring, hurls him from high heaven into the abyss.

In thus representing Jove as begetting his own ruin, Shelley expresses his belief that evil is self-destructive. So in "Queen Mab" he described Evil as "done by her own venomous sting to death" (IX.). And in "The Revolt of Islam" the bloodless overthrow of tyranny follows an attempt on the part of the tyrant to crush the nation completely.

Now that Jupiter has fallen, Prometheus is unbound, and he and Asia are united. Mankind sees its Ideal realized. The millennium has arrived.

## II. A COMPARISON WITH GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Shelley's poem, it has been shown, assumes three stages of existence: (1) the Saturnian, of unconscious vegetable



life; (2) the Jovian, of conscious existence into which evil has been introduced; (3) the Promethean, of conscious joy, an existence which has cast off evil. The first is the stage of rest; the second, that of conflict; and the third, that of attainment.

Shelley and Goethe both regard the Jovian period of struggle in which we live as differentiated from the Saturnian period of rest by the possession of consciousness. In the Saturnian existence there is no suffering; suffering begins with consciousness and what it involves, reason, emotion, will. Three theories of life proceed from this point of departure: (1) the theory held in common by the Mephistopheles of Goethe and the Furies of Shelley, (2) Shelley's, and (3) Goethe's theory.

A few words will suffice for the first of these. Mephistopheles and the Furies conclude that the Saturnian is better than the Jovian age. The painless unconscious existence is preferable to the conscious life which is attended by suffering. Thus Mephistopheles finds fault with God for having endowed man with reason which makes him aspire and suffer; the Furies taunt Prometheus likewise.

This cynical attitude contrasts with the optimistic views of the poets. Shelley held that, although evil cannot exist before there is consciousness, yet it is not bound up with consciousness. It is adventitious. It has no function in life. It simply impedes progress. Evil has come into life from without, and man can and will shake off evil. The Jovian stage is accordingly preferable to the Saturnian because it is potentially the Promethean; and conscious joy is, of course, better than unconscious rest.

Goethe agreed with Shelley that man's life of conflict is not inferior to the serene, Saturnian, vegetable existence. But, unlike Shelley, he affirmed that the Jovian stage is good in itself. Goethe believed that the suffering and error which coexist with consciousness are not adventitious but essential. Man's distinctive goodness lies in striving, and as long as he strives he errs. Thus sin is a condition of progress; far from being useless, it is functional, creative of good.

Goethe, therefore, does not look forward to a sinless millennium. He pictures the Promethean period as a mere illusion, an unattainable end toward which man strives, the divine. Accordingly Faust, the typical man, dies still straining forward toward this ideal. It is the struggle that interests Goethe. Unaspiring rest is good for the thing below man, and attainment is good for the thing above man; but for us, here and now, the best state is that of courageous striving.

The two poets, then, though both optimists, are antithetical. Goethe is interested in the process going on to-day; Shelley is distressed about the present—his interest is in the millennial attainment. Goethe denies evil by showing that, in spite of itself, it creates good; Shelley denies evil by showing that it destroys itself ultimately.

In our day Goethe is generally regarded as the better theorist. This judgment, granting its truth, need not embarrass our enjoyment of Shelley's art. Goethe has given beautiful expression to what we to-day, rightly or wrongly, conceive to be the actual world. Shelley has given equally beautiful expression to what seems to us an imaginary, unreal world. It will redound only to our own æsthetic loss if we agree to appreciate Goethe's beautiful real world, but refuse to understand and imagine and enjoy the lovely ideal world which Shelley has created.

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## A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA IN 1791.

CITOYEN FERDINAND MARIE BAYARD, member of the "Société libre des Sciences, Lettres, et Arts de Paris," artillery captain and traveler, was in Baltimore in the year 1791, and spent the summer of that year at Bath Springs, in the Shenandoah Valley. That fact would be of but little interest to us to-day, if he had not published in France, sometime after his return to Europe, an account of his journey from Baltimore to Bath and his summer experiences in the Valley of Virginia.

France had just passed through her great and terrible Revolution, and was eager for any account of the young nation which she had aided in obtaining liberty a few years before. Owing to this and to the attractive nature of the book, the first edition, which appeared in 1797, was soon exhausted, and a second was issued in 1798, or the year VI., as the title-page has it. The book is quite rare in either edition. Copies of both editions are in the library of the Maryland Historical Society. Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana" states that a copy of the first edition is in the Harvard University Library, and the Enoch Pratt Free Library possesses a copy of the second edition.

This second edition is not a mere reprint of the first, but a careful revision—for example, the account of the mode of crossing the Monocacy by a ferry is not found in the first edition, and the stream is alluded to there as only a large river. In addition to this revision and to a more accurate description of the places M. Bayard visited, he appends to the second edition a series of anecdotes of the military and political life of George Washington, with extracts from some letters pretended to be written by him. A failure to notice our first President at length seems to have been one of the criticisms made upon the first edition of his book.

These criticisms the author replies to in a prefatory note, in which the charge of having used new and unusual words is ingeniously repelled by the inquiry as to what body is to fix the language, now that the Academy has been suppressed.

The first edition contained an appended note of ten pages on Brissot, by J. J. Leuriète, which is omitted in the second edition.

The author was born at Moulins, in France, in 1763, and died in 1818. He himself is authority that he lived at one time at Strasburg. He was a man of wide culture and an author of some note. His works, as far as known,<sup>1</sup> were, in chronological order: (1) "*Voyage dans L'Interieur des États-Unis à Bath, Winchester, dans la vallée de Shenandoah, etc., etc., pendant l'Été de 1791;*" first edition, 1797, Paris, 8vo. (2) Second edition of the same, "*Augmentée de descriptions et d'anecdotes sur la vie militaire et politique de George Washington;*" 1798, 8vo, Paris. (3) French translation of Priestley's English Grammar; 1799. (4) "*Voyage de Terracina à Naples;*" Paris, 1802. (5) *Annales de la Revolution;* 3 vols. 8vo. (6) "*Tableau analytique de la Diplomatie Française, depuis la Minorité de Louis XIII. jusqu'à la paix d'Amiens, 1805;*" 2 vols. 8vo. (stops at 1715).

From the work which we are considering, we learn that he was an ardent Republican, though disapproving of the excesses of the French Revolution, and a personal friend of Thomas Jefferson. In the preface to the first edition, he gives an extract from a letter sent him by Jefferson in 1788, accompanying a presentation copy of one of Franklin's works. Being a Jeffersonian, he cordially hated Washington and the Federalists, as we shall see.

Bayard's work has almost been forgotten, but is surely worthy of notice from the accurate and careful picture he draws of the scenery, places, and people he saw.

In his preface M. Bayard criticises the other Frenchmen

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<sup>1</sup>Rose, "Biog. Dict.;" Hoefer, "Biog. Gen.;" Le Bas, "Encyc. de la France;" Querard, "France Littéraire;" "Biog. des Hommes vivants."

who had published American travels: Crèvecoeur, Chastellux, and Brissot. The first told more fiction than truth. The second, occupying himself solely with the facts which would interest the idle moments of an old nation, has not placed the Americans in the correct light. The third, though uniting to the views of a naturalist those of a statesman, covering a wider field, and presenting more interesting results, is nevertheless too partial to the Quakers.

For himself M. Bayard sets out with the motto:

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre  
Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.*

"It is thus that I traveled for the reader. My work is a collection of pictures, arranged in chronological order. But if, among these pictures, some are found sufficiently interesting from their design or coloring to excite the sentiment of a generous rivalry, I shall have been very useful."

In another place he says: "I proposed to depict the customs of the Americans and their domestic habits. I believe that task is accomplished—but another more difficult one was found inseparable from the first—namely, to avoid the monotony which regularity of traits causes. The first object needs an impartial and fair-minded observer; the second calls for talents, a fertile imagination, a practiced taste."

He thinks "all travelers have paid attention to making comparisons," and this he avoids as tending to flattery of one's own race. "An Englishman," says M. Bayard, "makes caricatures to preserve to his fellow-citizens that imagined superiority of which they are proud."

Bayard's method of writing is, first, to describe the physical characteristics of the places he visits, and then to relate, at some length, a conversation he had there, which shows that he was a very Yankee in seeking for information. If he does not do this, he goes off into rhapsodies over the beauties of nature and the moral character of the community, is reminded of a passage from some favorite author, or waxes sternly indignant over some vice he has noticed. The rhapsodies are a trifle tiresome, and gladly would we exchange them for further and more accurate descriptions.



The author was evidently a man of great learning and of far wider acquaintance with English literature than most foreigners of the day. He quotes from ten different English and American authors, from the Bible, and from classical Greek and Latin literature, as well as from writers in his native tongue.

As a good French Republican, Bayard hates negro slavery, and inveighs against it again and again. He praises a frontiersman who will have no slaves, and he forms a plan for universal emancipation by purchase, the money therefor to be contributed by Frenchmen. "In that act of justice," he says, "the glory and the expense ought to be indivisible." Still he is just: "I ought to do this justice to the Americans; they all acknowledge that slavery is as contrary to the principles of religion and morality as it is harmful to their happiness, but they fear poverty more than they love happiness. It is necessary either that slavery should be gradually abolished or that the public treasury recompense the slave owners." In speaking of the press, he says: "The newspapers printed in the Southern States are full of advertisements for runaway negroes. These announcements are adorned by a little engraving, of which this is the subject: a naked negro, stick in hand, with a little package under his arm, is running away, while the devil, with long horns on his forehead and outstretched arm, pushes the African by his shoulders. The idea is so much the more just, since a man must have the devil in him (*le diable au corps*) to fly from oppression, lashes, and tyranny." At that early period, M. Bayard found the customary arguments offered on behalf of slavery: that the slaves are better off than in Guinea; that the eternal life they gain by being brought to America and Christianized more than makes up for loss of liberty; that they need have no anxiety for the future, since their master cares for their wants; and being the descendants of Canaan they are included in the Noachian curse. At this last argument M. Bayard's wife exclaimed: "Would you make me detest the Bible?"

Our traveler tells us that he makes his journey to see the

country, to learn what the Americans in the rural districts were like, to get an idea as to what the country was destined to become, and to take his wife and infant son from the "scorching and pestilential mists of Baltimore." He speaks of summer resorts in a way which would not be very inaccurate to-day: "In the United States, as in Europe, the waters are not visited by the sick alone; pleasure and love draw thither the healthiest and most robust persons; but in America the unhealthfulness of the air in the cities during the excessive heat of the dog days is another motive for going thither. The months of June and July and August are deadly for infancy, maturity dreads their dangerous influence, and all go to seek the coolness of the woods and mountains and a purer air."

Of his starting point he tells us:

"Baltimore is situated on the north bank of the Patapsco, at the head of the Chesapeake Bay. It contains 28,000 inhabitants. Religious beliefs divide this population into German Calvinists, Lutherans, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Quakers, Nicolists, Anabaptists, New Jerusalemites, and Universalists. The plan of the city is irregular, because toward the bay there is a basin about which houses have been built, and because toward the north are elevations which could be leveled only with great difficulty, and which do not permit the streets to follow any straight line.

"Some principal streets have outlets. Such are Market Street and Gay Street. Others end at the basin and at the elevations which bound the northern part of the city. The quays are constructed with trunks of trees. The tide on retreating uncovers mud, whence rise infectious exhalations; the same is the case in Philadelphia. There are no public or private edifices which are more than mediocre. All the houses are of brick and built on the English plan—that is to say, their fronts are narrow, they are low, and they have great depth.

"The suburbs of Baltimore will be pleasant when they shall

be peopled. Nature has diversified the situation, and there is one prospect which deserves to be pointed out. From the summit of the hill on which Col. Howard's house is situated you see the Chesapeake Bay before you in the shape of a triangle whose sides are lost in space. At your feet is the city; at the right the Patapsco follows the windings of a hill on which plantations present the agreeable contrast of savage nature and nature adorned by art; on the left a cleared and cultivated country stretches to the ancient forests which bound the horizon. However beautiful this point of view may be, it is much inferior to that which *la côte d'Ingouville* presents.

"Baltimore has felt the benefit of freedom more than any other city in the United States. During the Revolution it was a wretched, straggling village, composed of a few mean wooden houses; to-day it is the fifth city in the United States in extent and the fourth in commerce. Its inhabitants carry on much trade with the Hanseatic cities, Holland, England, and our colonies. They export much tobacco and iron. Only one house fitted out ships for India in 1791."

Besides the journey of which he gives us an account, Bayard traveled in other parts of the country, having evidently visited Philadelphia and New Jersey. Indeed, he describes a visit to the Passaic Falls, near Paterson

For traveling companions from Baltimore to Bath, besides his wife and babe, he had Jones, the driver, Mrs. C—y and her maid Molly, or Moly, as M. Bayard calls her. Of Mrs. C—y we know nothing, save that she was a resident of Baltimore and a tailor's daughter, a fact to which we owe a statement of some length in regard to the low esteem in which Americans hold that trade.

Of Jones and the manner of travel we have full account. "The owner of a hired carriage, which he drove himself, engaged to take us at forty-one francs apiece, baggage included. This man had two good horses, and a reputation for skill as good as that of his horses: it was a double recommendation, the full value of which we felt when we found ourselves on those abominable roads, where we were

threatened every second with being overturned upon masses of rocks or precipitated into chasms.

"As in England, American drivers stop after having gone three or four miles and water the horses. Jones, our driver, never forgot himself while the buckets of water were given to his horses. Traveling Americans rarely let this occasion escape for taking a dram (a little glass of brandy) or a bumper of grog. These frequent habits, very disagreeable in winter, are very well arranged for the horses, who regain their wind, and to whom they give fresh vigor; I, for my part, doubt if they could do without them, considering the customary rapidity with which they pass over the distances which are found between the relays.

"An American driver is a sort of magistrate, who decides on all questions within his jurisdiction. He takes part in the general conversation of the travelers and often guides it. Rarely are the most humble remonstrances made on his manner of driving. If any questions arise on the length, the conveniences of the roads, the quality of the horses, their pedigree, the fortune of the persons whose houses are adjoining the highways, he is consulted and heard with much deference."

The party started early one morning and breakfasted at "Hellicott's Lower Mill," where the Patapsco strongly impressed the travelers:

"The river . . . is shut in between two ranges of low and barren hills. Some small trees incline almost horizontally, and sway their hoary heads scarcely sustained by frail trunks. A light bed of soil covers a yellow sand which rains wash into the river. Moss and scanty tufts of some bitter plant, useless for cattle, carpet the gloomy amphitheaters which, by the echoing of the waters, double the melancholy of this wild abode.

"The bed of the river, but slightly depressed, is still rough with the remains of rocks, which the water has not yet been able to wear away. These masses rise above the surface of the stream, and by their resistance keep up a dull and lugubrious sound which is truly sepulchral.

"Avarice, though it does not adorn the abodes of its slaves, makes them at least endurable. The advantage which can be gained from a mill in this place makes the owner insensible to the horrors which surround him. Seeing only his pecuniary interests, deaf to all sounds which are not those of gold, he lives content in his frightful retreat; the sound of the waters which eat away the rocks does not trouble his repose.

"The leanness of the sheep and horned cattle shows the sterility of the land. A wretched garden, all of whose products seem to be torn from avarice, fields whose thin turf leaves the earth uncovered, plains incapable of producing even small oaks—such are the gloomy objects which the country shows from Baltimore to this mill. The earth seems to be covered only with rags in a month when, to use the expression of an English poet, 'nature puts on her bridal robes.' . . .

"I have passed through the most wretched parts of Champagne and Brittany; but they cannot be compared, without exaggeration, to the spot in which we then were."

Their reception was a contrast to the scenery, for "they served us a travelers' breakfast—that is, ham, broiled chicken with cream sauce, bread and butter, and tea and coffee. One of the Misses Hellicott sat at table to pour the tea, and acquitted herself with a maidenly reserve which contrasted pleasantly with the noisy eagerness of European hostesses."

Bayard was much interested in Ellicott's Mills and their owner, grave like all Quakers, and "speaking through his nose." "Our host was one of the Maryland Hellicotts, well known for the inventive genius which seems to belong to their family. Their mills are large, well-built, and equipped with a very large number of machines which take the place of hands. Our host's mill is not so fine as that of his parents, called the Upper Mill; but is not inferior to those of his brother millers."

The scene inspires our author to prophecy:

"Europe has furnished the Americans with all the inven-



tions they know, and the history of the mechanic arts in the New World will present only a series of dates in which the population, the clearing of the ground, a certain amount of money will favor the naturalization and adoption of our discoveries. The Americans will perfect the machines, which serve for the useful arts, because labor will be very dear among them for several centuries. Their mills are superior to ours; but that perfection is only the combination of things which we have invented and applied before them.

"This priority of Europeans in all kinds of industry is very unfortunate for Americans, because it places them under the yoke of an imitation too general and absolute. The objects worthy of being imitated are confounded with those they ought to proscribe; and it is perhaps because they take from England the models of their machines and their books that they may adopt blindly the maxims and the prejudices of the English people."

On his return to Baltimore he visited and described another of the Ellicott's Mills.

On leaving Mr. Ellicott they drove on, and next stopped at the Red House, a little tavern, still remembered, some ten or twelve miles farther on. Here the experience was not pleasant:

"It is a shabby enough inn, kept by a widow of remarkable reserve. She spoke only when necessary, and laconically enough for the insociable genius of the English language.

"They assured us in all the inns that they had everything, although generally they could offer us only eggs, chicken, ham, and very seldom a weak wine called Lisbon."

The party spent the night at the Red House, and experienced a thunderstorm. Bayard went into raptures over the scenery thereabouts, and speaks of hearing the "whippoorwill" and the mocking bird. He refers also to the catbird and to the blackbird.

It is not without interest to have Bayard tell us that "some inhabitants of Maryland have made vain efforts to cultivate the vine on a large scale and in a useful manner.

M. Carroll is of this number, and for his laborious efforts obtained only some casks of poor wine, which cost him quite dearly. It is thought that the vine will prosper only in the Carolinas and Georgia, where the winters are like those of Provence. A large number of trees cannot be acclimated in Virginia and Maryland: such as walnut, the plum, and the fig. The first keeps only its trunk and a few branches, the fruit of the second quickly degenerates, and the third loses in winter all the wood which it adds in spring. European fruits in America are of an inferior quality to those which are found in the Old World."

The next stop was for breakfast, eight miles farther on, at an inn on the left of the road. There he was so kindly received that on departing he regretted he could not "em-brasser" all the charming "personnes," as he would have done in France. He there saw "Sumak," honeysuckle, and the acacia (locust) in blossom; and later in the day, at a wretched negro hut, he had "homany," a porridge, he tells us, made "of maize broken in a mortar with some beans."

That afternoon he saw a negro flogged, which sight sent him into such a rage that he forgot to tell anything of the places he passed until he reached the "Monocacy." There he saw zigzag fences, log cabins, and tobacco growing; and thence he drove to "Frederiktown." "The streets here run with the cardinal points of the compass, and almost all the houses are brick. The only public edifice worthy of note is the courthouse. It is seen on a slight eminence which is covered with a lawn where the children come to enjoy the pleasures of their age. This house is square in shape. It has a small dome and a peristyle supported by Tuscan columns."

At Frederick, Bayard spent the night, and found excellent accommodation in the tavern kept by kind, pretty, and affectionate hostesses. "Such happy meetings are rare in America." In the evening he went to the club in the tavern to talk politics with its frequenters and learn the views of the Americans on the French authors who had lately written about the country.

The next morning the party goes on to Middletown over a very bad road, and finds there a church open to all denominations, which causes our friend to go into ecstasies of joy over the religious toleration found in the United States.

Middletown contained twenty-six houses; and there he came upon the Methodists, a class of people he loses no chance to abuse. Of their preachers he says:

"Imagine one of our furious Jacobins foaming with rage on the platform of a popular society, raving in the transport of a revolutionary fever, and you will have a picture resembling a Methodist. He speaks only of the terrible vengeance of God. 'He will seize you by the throat in spite of your tardy repentance,' said the foaming preacher, 'and will hurl you to the deepest abyss of hell.' Conversion was a revolutionary operation, and must be accompanied by howling and convulsive movements. Lucifer must be sabered, the vices exterminated at one blow, and the word of God was not recited fittingly unless it was spoken in an obscure and vulgar language. The ignorant fellow found it very evil that the ministers of the sects should speak their language purely and cast some flowers on the truth.

"'It is not thus that the apostles converted the ignorant,' added the fervent missionary. 'They spoke without preparation like the sailors they were, and they abandoned eloquence to their enemies, the scribes and Pharisees, and other orators of the day.'

"These zealous Christians pride themselves on being very rude in their assemblies. They interrupt the speaker or listen with distracted air. Since they see in this brutality only the extravagance of zeal, they pardon the abuse in favor of the thing; but, if their preachers are disgusting, the manner in which they pray is almost as shocking. A dreadful concert of groanings is heard, which the minister makes more or less loud at his will. Often they cry at the top of their voices, then they take a lower tone, and thus go through the entire scale. Sometimes women roll on the floor and strike their heads.

"The Methodists no longer make so many conversions. Grace seems to have left them, since the habitual good sense of the Americans, roused by so many extravagancies, has made them see the foolishness of those doleful mummeries."

From Middletown they pass on to the mountains beyond, which he fully describes. On them he found the locust and "ickery." On the plains beyond many cattle are raised, which are taken to Baltimore; and tobacco is cultivated with success. On these mountains he was agreeably surprised to find a delightful household, whose head had visited "Kentucky," and told him of the far Western country, and of Louisiana, whose colonists, weary of the Spanish yoke, favor the Americans, and who expect that some day that colony will enter into the federation of the United States. At this house they spent the night, and had clean sheets, a thing so rare as to be worthy of mention.

The next day they descended to the "Potowmak," "there larger than the Seine at Rouen," and Bayard describes the fertile bottoms. The manufacture of maple sugar, which he there saw for the first time, is described, and we learn that "it was thought that maple sugar, if it could not rival cane sugar, could at least supply the consumption of the United States. That was the first cry of joy after the discovery; the friends of the blacks repeated the sentiment. At last they had found a tree which should free the Africans." But unluckily the culture of tobacco proved to be more profitable than that of maples, and the negroes remained enslaved.

During autumn, boats coming from Alexandria and Georgetown pass up the river laden with grain. After that season the transportation is over; and if any one should forget to provide himself, he must make a journey to Winchester.

"Heagarstown" or Hagarstown seems not to have been reached on the journey to Bath; but on the return journey Bayard passed through it. He calls it a "little Maryland city, situated on an elevated hill which commands the valley of the Conegocheague. From the summit of this elevation the view extends over a well-cultivated country on the

right and left, but it is limited on the east and west by lofty mountains. The city of Hagerstown is regularly built; its streets are large and straight. Its inhabitants are almost all millers or merchants, and they carry on their business very well, whether it be with the maritime cities, where the millers carry their flour, or with the inhabitants of the West, whom the merchants supply with colonial products and objects manufactured in Europe. At some distance from the city I found four iron cannons which, from their weight and long time, had sunk in the earth. The surroundings of the city are picturesque, as are all the sites of the mountain country; the earth is fertile, and receives in spring the tribute which the surrounding mountains pay, as they are laden with the remains of vegetation."

Arriving at Bath, Bayard spent a most delightful summer. In fact, he did not leave until October. He was charmed with the Virginia women at first sight, and says they are "tall and slender, and have much more expression than other American women. Although they seem made more for the labors of Diana than for the sports of love, they nevertheless obey the laws of that master of gods and men."

"Loving and faithful wives, tender and industrious mothers, compassionate mistresses, they have all the virtues which preserve the love that their charms inspire. Negro slavery has not yet degraded them, and this is a wonder which seems most marvelous when one knows the customs of the women of the French or English colonies. It is only necessary to compare the expression of a Virginian woman with that of a Creole to perceive the difference of the souls which animate the two beings."

Bayard boarded with Mrs. "Trok Morton" (a cousin of Gen. Washington) and, liking the country, traveled up the valley to Winchester. He also mentions by name Mr. and Mrs. Am.; Mrs. B., widow of Col. B.; Mr. West; Miss Lee; Mr. Bush, a German innkeeper at Winchester; Mr. Smith, a planter and son-in-law of Mr. Bush. Winchester, he says, is built on a little hill, and "will be a manufacturing city, because in all fertile countries mankind multiplies rapidly,



and industry is pleased in fertile and populous places; but when there shall exist communication with the sea, by means of canals or rivers, the degree of activity in manufactures will be incalculable." The Shenandoah and the "Potowmack" will transport Winchester's goods, Washington and Georgetown will become its entrepôts, and still its merchandise will fill the storehouses of Alexandria and Norfolk. In Winchester already are made famous carriages and excellent shoes, boots, and saddles.

On his trip to Winchester, Bayard was excellently entertained, and tells us of long political discussions he had with Col. David P., a former aid-de-camp of Washington, while staying at his plantation. He also later went to a "fish feast." He further writes of five o'clock teas, concerts, and performances of strolling theatrical troupes which he attended at Bath.

The Virginian men of this section he found tall, slender, and well-educated, affable, hospitable, friends of the French and of liberty, whose cause they defended with courage and devotion during the Revolutionary war. Their manners did not impress the Frenchman favorably. "The manners of the well-to-do inhabitants of this country are rustic and violent. They swear, they get drunk, gamble, and often fight. They have a kind of combat unknown to the Americans of the East. The athletes use fists, feet, and teeth. They agree to try to gouge out each other's eyes," a process which he proceeds to describe: "First, a lively fisticuff; then, twisting a lock of the antagonist's hair round the forefinger, they stiffen the thumbs, and, pressing these strongly at the corners of the eyes, make the eyeballs pop out, amid the applause of the spectators."

"Each day on our walk we saw groups formed around drunken athletes, whom the point of honor obliged to box; the women, frightened, fled these barbarous pastimes, revived from the English. Generally a bruiser [a bone breaker, he explains] is the judge of the combatants, and causes the observance of the regulations agreed upon in these kinds of British sports."

At the springs, there was a dance every week, and tea parties were very frequent. "The gamblers assemble at billiards in the taverns, where they often spend the entire night. At first these were only gambling coteries; but soon a 'Gentleman' who kept a Pharoah bank became a central point for the great majority of Americans.

"Gambling furnishes the expenses which luxury demands, and the Virginians are not free from vanity. They are almost all gamblers."

For the family life, however, he has nothing but praise, and goes into raptures such as this: "In the United States fitness of fortune, with some few exceptions, is subordinated to moral fitness, and the two sexes get along very well. The unions are sentimental and fortunate; the happiness of families is the first result, and purity of manners is preserved without having need of the watchfulness of the magistrate. The daughter, the spectator of the cares which form her mother's happiness, loves them before she has felt their charms. All children brought up in the bosom of a good household, happy in the harmony of the family, prepare themselves instinctively for that state of happiness, and become virtuous on becoming men."

Of Maryland tastes and manners M. Bayard draws a somewhat more favorable picture; although, as he says, they are pretty much alike in the two countries. If any new purchaser comes to live in a Maryland neighborhood, he is at the very first visited by all his neighbors. On the morrow, or the day after, at the latest, he sees negroes arrive, some carrying hams and fresh meats; others butter, eggs, cream, etc. His neighbors have told him that he can borrow servants, horses, carriages, and all that he needs. At the time of his first crop they aid him, if he lacks hands, and, if he acquires the esteem of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, he finds them disposed to serve him with all their means at all times.

Of these hospitable cares, Bayard received the advantage when he dwelt in the country near Elkridge; they are found everywhere, there is no establishment which has not its Caleb

Dorsey and men who resemble him. (A note informs us that Mr. Dorsey is a Maryland planter, whose hospitality and honesty have become proverbial: his wife has virtues which merit for her the veneration of all who know her.)

"I acknowledge that when I saw this procession direct its course toward my house I thought that it was the custom to delight a newcomer with the sight of a fair. All these presents are returned; but the eagerness with which I sent back ham for ham, fowl for fowl, etc., seemed precipitate, and my neighbors, who spoke out all they thought, accused me of pride.

"There was only one bad fellow in a neighborhood where twenty families lived. He fed his negroes so poorly that they were not received into any house, and for this reason: that their master made theft necessary for them by not feeding them. These wretched slaves would willingly have given the preference to the monster who starved them, but when they did that the villain tore them to pieces. If they happened to rob a neighbor, they found in their master a witness who removed suspicion, and an accomplice who did all the trickery necessary to frustrate investigation.

"It was said that two other persons of the neighborhood permitted their cattle to go into others' meadows; but the proofs were not so numerous as to attest the facts, and the neglect of the servants to put up the fences might have been the cause of the fault with which they were reproached.

"In Maryland, as elsewhere, one can live on good terms with everybody by avoiding debates about profit and by not asking debtors to be very punctual. Americans do not like to be troubled. When they are lent money it is understood it is lent until they judge it necessary to return it. Since that silent condition is understood, creditors do not curse debtors, and few expose themselves to the torments of impatience."

Bayard was greatly pleased with the religious character of the people and their observance of Sunday, but their educational methods he thought very bad.

"Children are well brought up in the household, because

there they enjoy the greatest liberty and very little notice is taken of what they do. . . . But if they are happy in the bosom of the family, the age of iron quickly follows the age of gold.

"The schoolmasters follow a system fitter to train slaves than to form citizens. An English or American teacher is the gloomiest and most pedantical prig that a little learning ever produced. In vain did Dr. Benjamin Rush recommend the humane method of Rousseau. The pedants unanimously rejected it, and continue to make scholars pay with whippings for a very petty fund of knowledge. The great argument of the gentlemen is that the dignity of men like themselves can be compromised by the pranks of a lively and witty child; that the dignity of their schools, moreover, is under that danger. 'But you should expel the disobedient,' we replied.

"'Horrible thought,' answered the dealer in knowledge. 'Then I am a whole quarter's pay out of pocket. It is better to whip the scholars than to expel them.'

"The unhappy ones who study under these pedants soon lose that sweetness of character which they had brought to the school, and on leaving that place of punishment you see them torment and beat each other. They learn a little Latin, arithmetic, and some principles of practical geometry, which they apply to surveying. The parents then apprentice a son to an attorney or a doctor, according as they wish to make a squire or a physician of the young gentleman.

"Americans of wealth destine their children for the bar. The young men become attached to the effeminate and licentious life of the cities, which they accordingly prefer to that of the country. It follows that they farm out their plantations, which become exhausted; and that agriculture, abandoned to the poorer classes, loses the consideration which it ought to enjoy in all countries in the world. This absurd vanity, calling enlightened men to a profession which is only lucrative, in so far as obscure laws are accomplices of the passions, gives no hope that they, who base their fortune on the vices of the judiciary system, will propose reforms ad-

vantageous to their fellow-citizens. It is, on the contrary, presumable that they will perpetuate the bad laws from which they expect increase of fortune. After two years of study with a lawyer, the student undergoes an examination before judges. If he is sufficiently instructed, he has the right to plead cases. They have not thought it necessary to make doctors submit to that formality."

The friendship of Americans seemed to M. Bayard very true and enduring. "That sympathetic union of souls which binds them by good will, which fastens them with a chain that distance cannot break, mingles its sweetness with that of marriage and paternity. . . . Many generous men are found in the United States who have injured their business by giving security for a friend. In the country it almost seems as if agricultural implements are owned in common, so little ceremony is used in borrowing. Neighbors who would refuse this aid would be marked as hard and disobliging persons: the Germans and their descendants have this reputation. They would not lend a pinch of snuff, the Americans say." Bayard thinks, however, this bad reputation is scarcely deserved.

Another trait causes his admiration. "The Americans have not reddened their scaffolds with the blood of their defenders. Either national gratitude surrounds the dying hours of the great men who founded their republic or calumny does not come to trouble their last moments. With us the most infamous ingratitude was the reward of watchings, dangers, and civic labors. We have covered with filth those who broke our fetters. . . . In my fatherland the ashes of Harmodius are trodden under foot carelessly by the stupid passer-by."

For amusements in autumn and winter, when the earth is not covered with several feet of snow, Bayard found hunting parties very common, and tells us that "there are few farmers who have not three or four hunting dogs; others have small packs: in any neighborhood in Maryland enough dogs can be brought together to hunt a fox."

To the Indians Bayard devotes much attention, and quotes



in full Logan's speech, supposed to have been written by Jefferson.

His information concerning the customs of the Indians seems very accurate, and was probably largely derived from the great Delaware chief, Cornplanter, with whom he became well acquainted, and from whom he got a very low idea of William Penn, because, instead of fiercely robbing the Indians of their land, "he only used the fox's skin." Bayard speaks of supping with Cornplanter (*Planteur de mais*), and of the presentation to him of a pipe at Philadelphia during the winter of 1791, at which occasion Bayard was present.

In the political history of the country our traveler was well informed, and discusses the history of the Quakers in New England and the causes of the American Revolution. In his judgment of current events he was an ardent hater of England. The neutrality of the United States seemed to him ungrateful, and in effect an indirect alliance with the British. "The friends of the French reproach Washington with being ungrateful toward a people who contributed so greatly to his fortune; and the Americans, who are not insensible to the glory of their country, said that this neutrality is a dishonorable act of ingratitude, an indelible stain. I added to these reflections that this cowardly desertion, by whatever name it be called, served only to cloak the distinguished favor shown to the English. The executive power of the United States is in my opinion guilty of ingratitude and of disloyal actions. It is ungrateful to the French, and has deceived the American merchants."

The fact that Bath took its name from the English watering place, it being originally called Warm Springs, leads Bayard to burst forth:

"It is that imitative mania to which must be ascribed the naturalization of those ideas deadly to national prosperity which, like slow poisons, develop gradually and corrupt future generations.

"Americans, your name is fine enough! you have means enough to render it as illustrious as it is dear to free peoples

without seeking borrowed ornaments outside of your country; but in fine, if, forgetting yourselves, you wish to imitate any people, why prefer that one whose political crimes have shed the blood of all the families of the human race?"

Bayard doubts the continuance of the nation: "The United States would become a colossal power on the continent, if they were not destined some day to be divided into peoples still powerful enough to make themselves respected by European nations." The epoch of that great separation is not far distant. "The Delaware and the Apalaches" will be the political barriers.

"The difference of their products having diversified their needs and manufactures, they already perceive the inconvenience of a system of duties which, being too general, becomes unjust. This injustice was very well shown in Congress by the representatives from the Eastern and Southern States when the tax on distilled liquors was established; but as the members from the Northeastern States formed the majority, the rest had to submit. They are weary of these concessions, and will refuse when they are sufficiently strong to do what they desire."

Not only does he notice sectional feeling, but the more narrow and intense patriotism to one's State seems remarkable to him.

"This blind partiality, child of ignorance, is very noticeable among the Americans. A stranger, who should consult alternately the inhabitants of the fifteen United States, would find himself in the greater perplexity. I have been witness of one very lively scene between two young men, born the one in Maryland and the other in Connecticut, who were disputing as to the respective merits of their respective States. The Marylander swore on his honor that there was not on the earth a more attractive country than his fatherland and more amiable men than his fellow-citizens. The inhabitant of Connecticut said just as much for his State and his compatriots. Soon the two rivals, forgetting that I was a European, became extremely frank, and I found that they had good enough reasons to be keenly affected by the

reproaches which each of them cast at the compatriots of his opponent."

Of the American press Bayard had a high opinion. The newspapers are all written with sufficient impartiality, because they respect the liberty of the press as the ægis of civil, religious, and political liberty. "They count on the justice and good sense of their fellow-citizens, and declare that the liberty of the press is the sacred ark which must not be touched."

Literature and science find, from time to time, a small place in American newspapers; and, to prove this, our author translates an article on the "Marine Cat of Kamtchatka," which has appeared in one of them.

The Society of the Cincinnati, as reviewed by M. Bayard, was fraught with grave danger to the young republic. Scarcely had peace been signed when a military fraternity which, in a note, he compares to the Templars, Hospital Teutonic Knights, and the Order of St. Lazarus, comes forth fully armed from the camps, and menaces the equality of political rights. Not only is this a sign of coming aristocracy; but the new Constitution, instead of abolishing titles of nobility, only forbids their being granted. It seems difficult to understand how that could be abolished which did not exist in the United States; but the failure to do this was a cause of grave disquiet to Bayard.

After all, the chief interest of the book consists not in the mistaken political views of the author but in "the pleasanter object" which, as he on the title-page tells us, invited his spirit to contemplation: "the happiness of simple men living in the abundance of primitive things."

BERNARD C. STEINER.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore.

## THE BLACK BELT.

THE monograph of Dr. Carl Kelsey on the Negro Farmer<sup>1</sup> is a very important contribution in the study of race conditions in the South. Dr. Kelsey, a native of the Middle West, has been fellow and is now instructor in the University of Pennsylvania. A man of clear insight and sound judgment, he has been encouraged by the General Educational Board to make extensive tours in the South for the study of negro conditions. The present monograph is a result of his study in the field. The guiding motive of the work is the desire for true knowledge and understanding of conditions and the means and prospects of betterment. Like several other men of the North who have recently entered the same field of study, Dr. Kelsey has reached opinions similar to those which the liberal-conservative thinking men of the South have held for decades. He has not arrived at these conclusions through mere acceptance of what other men have said, but through an extensive study of the conditions and their causes.

In the introduction he emphasizes the value of the testimony of the Southern white people, and shows the error of the North in believing the exceptional negro to be identical with the average negro, and particularly in confusing the mulattoes with the mass of negroes of the South; and he states his purpose of describing the condition of the average negro in each of the several sections of his Southern habitat. A prominent contention in the work is that in different parts of the South the negro has differing opportunities for progress; that there is an economic sectionalism in the black belt; that the enervating environment in the Carolina sea-islands, for instance, has retarded and will retard the prog-

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<sup>1</sup>"The Negro Farmer," by Carl Kelsey. Printed and on sale by Jennings & Pye, Chicago, 1903. Price, 50 cents; paper, 103 pages, 25 maps, 9 half-tones.

ress of the negroes there, while the Piedmont offers better influences for them; that furthermore there is a social sectionalism, and in the regions where the blacks are in large degree segregated from the whites they are making little or no advance in civilization or wealth. A thorough study is made of the economic geography of the South as affecting the negro. Gloucester County conditions are treated as typical in the Virginia tide water region; Prince Edward County, in Central Virginia; Beaufort County, for the South Carolina coast; and Lowndes County, Ala., for the inland cotton belt. Attention is given also to the sugar district of Louisiana and the cotton district of the Yazoo delta. Incidental reference is made to the cities and to the pine barrens and the mountainous country where negroes are few.

Dr. Kelsey's emphasis upon the contrast of economic environment as controlling the negro in different ways in the several parts of the South is perhaps a little overdone. His treatment of the several black belts—Eastern Virginia, the Carolina and Georgia coast, the Georgia piedmont, the Alabama prairies, and the Mississippi bottoms—is quite valuable. It easily appears that the negroes in these regions are in an environment very different from that in the North or in the mountains of the South; but the fact remains that wherever there is a black belt, there the habits and conditions of the negroes are of one general description, with but slight variations; wherever the negroes are segregated in masses, there the average negro is in very nearly a stationary state.

The causes of the segregation of the negroes in belts are struggled with, but without much success. The key to the problem is the Plantation System. When the various districts in the South were wrested from the Indians, the slaveholders always selected for occupation the localities especially adapted to the production of the staples. Nonslaveholders also settled in these localities; but after a time a large portion of them were driven out by the competition for the staple market. In "flush times" a livelihood could be made by both planters and farmers in staple production. When lands were fresh, crops good, and prices high, every



one made money in tobacco or cotton, and there was little competition. But when lands began to wear out or crops failed or prices fell below the cost of production, cutthroat competition arose among the producers. The outcome was the survival of the fittest in the staple belts. The possession of managing ability, to diminish the cost of production, or the possession of capital, with which to tide over the depression, was indispensable. The effect of the depressions during the War of 1812 and during the crisis of the Forties was to bankrupt a number of the small farmers and drive them out of staple production. They could not make a livelihood by producing tobacco or rice or sugar or cotton and exchanging it at panic prices for food and manufactures. Many of them accordingly relinquished their relatively high-priced lands in the staple districts and moved to cheap lands in the mountains or in the pine woods, forswore their dependence on markets, and thenceforward produced things to meet their own wants primarily, and dealt but incidentally with salable crops.

The planter could produce cotton, for example, more cheaply than the farmer. He himself had greater skill in agriculture, and his laborers had a cheaper standard of living than their self-directing white competitors. A price for cotton which would ruin a farmer would still enable the planter to produce it without loss. If the price fell still lower, the planter could usually command capital or credit to meet the emergency. As a factory is sometimes run in the face of a moderate loss because it would involve a still greater loss to shut down, so a planter could ill afford to stop raising cotton. He had to feed and clothe and shelter his family and his negroes, and, if possible, pay the interest upon the capital invested. His land and labor and system of control were adapted to nothing so well as to cotton production. In time of depression he could sell neither land nor slaves except at heavy loss; and if he should sell them, his own occupation would be gone, and no other opening was to be found. Therefore the planters and their negroes stayed in the staple belts. Depression was succeeded by

prosperity, and the planters bought more lands and brought in more negroes from the fringes of the staple areas. Thus the Civil War and emancipation found the masses of the negroes in the staple-producing districts, the richest parts of the South; and there they have stayed, partly from inertia and partly because they are better fitted for staple production under supervision than for anything else in America. And there they will stay indefinitely for similar reasons, and because of the avoidance by foreign immigrants of association with the negroes.

Dr. Kelsey, in criticising the U. S. Census of 1900, shows very clearly that the large produce returns from farms cultivated by negroes are due to the negroes' occupancy of the best lands in the South and to their supervision by white directors, and that it by no means indicates that the independent negro farmer is superior in capability to his white competitor.

Such ability as the negro now has Dr. Kelsey attributes mainly to the training school of slavery in the *ante-bellum* South. He errs, as do nearly all writers in the field, in confusing slavery and the plantation system. He means, of course, to say that the plantation was the training school, and that slavery was necessary at the beginning in bringing the negroes into the plantation system. Of present conditions and prospects he writes: "The possibilities of Southern agriculture are great, but the lead must be taken by the whites. The negro has a great advantage over the Italian or other European peasant in that the white man prefers him as a helper. . . . It would be a happy day for the negro if the white woman of the South took her old personal interest in his welfare. . . . The fact [is] that the negro respects and willingly follows the white man, more willingly and more trustingly than he does another negro." This is a very near approach to advocating the reestablishment of a system of plantations with some form of hired labor. Our author praises Tuskegee and similar institutions; but writes, "These industrial schools can never hope to reach more than a certain percentage of the people." He

concludes that if the negro is to bear his proper part in the progress of the country the whites must take an active interest in his guidance. "The negro must work out his own salvation, economic and social." "The outlook is not hopeless if his willingness to work can be so directed that a surplus will result."

The maps showing the distribution of the negroes in the several economic areas are of decided value, as are the statistics of negro family incomes and expenditures and the half-tones illustrating negro life in the rural South. By this monograph, which we trust is merely his first work in the field, Dr. Kelsey establishes himself as an authority upon negro conditions and prospects, and takes rank in the school of investigators which already comprises Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York; Mr. Bruce and Dr. Barringer, of Virginia; Mr. Tillinghast, of South Carolina; and Mr. Stone, of Mississippi.

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## THE COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ONE of the significant things in college education of the last twenty-five years has been the comparatively steady and general decline in the value of the literary society. Any one who entered college (say) in the early eighties could still hear the reverberating echoes of superlative efforts in college oratory and much talk of a golden age of literary society efficiency. Even yet, when the older alumni of Southern institutions come together at commencement, they sadly lament a something gone out of the platform exhibitions, and in reminiscent mood recall a time when college students "could speak," as they say. They visit their old societies and, in the very act of recounting former glories, illustrate the oratorical qualities that made the other years so splendid in speaking achievement. One of them, whose name is still one to charm with in tradition, came to me much out of heart and dissatisfied with the debate of the Juniors and the speeches of the Seniors. In a tone that implied that the bottom had dropped out of all things, he said: "Your boys write better English, discuss more up-to-date subjects than we used to; but they simply can't *speak*." "What do you mean by that?" I inquired. "Why," continued he, "they don't know how to make gestures, they don't feel what they say, and they have no voices."

Here, then, was a student of the old school, by way of criticism of the new, asserting the aims and ideals of the literary society of former days, and at the same time suggesting an essential difference in present-day aims and ideals. Gesture, feeling, voice, these made the basis of the consummate product of literary society work in the Southern college both before and immediately following the war. At their best, these elements brought a charm of stately attitudinizing, graceful action, moving and winning appeal to the emotions, and range and power of vocal expression; at their worst,

affected extravagance, brazen and clanging rhetoric, and the sound and fury that signifieth nothing. This baser expression of college oratory has, unfortunately I think, ruled in our conception of the general type of the older product of the college literary society, and has made it a mockery and a byword. But it should be steadily kept in mind that the literary societies formerly aimed to develop the orator, and that the orator was the hero of the campus and the unfailing wonder of admiring audiences. And this supreme position of the orator and the fame he won were sufficient to furnish a vital atmosphere for the abounding life of that which produced him, the literary society.

However, changed conditions both without and within the college campus have been potent enough to take the orator from his lofty pedestal as a college hero and furnish other social and scholastic ideals, which have brought about his virtual undoing, and hence an almost fatal enfeebling of that within which he moved and had his being, the literary society. Great changes have come in the social ideals that appeal to young men of intellectual aspirations. Formerly the law and politics were the supreme fields that invited them, and these fields were the arena for the display of the power and influence of the orator. It should be remembered, too, that in no other part of the world did the mere speaker get so many glittering rewards, and no people were more sensitive to the charm of voice, emotional appeal, and graceful action than the people of the South. Every State, every district, every community, every crossroads had more than one man whom the people heard with eager gladness, and upon whom they were willing to confer honors and offices of trust for his much speaking. These outside influences naturally beat into the retirement of classic shades, to use an old-fashioned phrase, and furnished ideals potent enough to make the college literary society seem the most practical part of the college course. Hence it flourished as the training ground of the rhetorical, declamatory debater and speaker, and he became in general estimation the consummate flower of college life. But a rather swift change



has come in social ideals, and with it it has grown more and more evident that the orator has had his day. Indeed, it does not require much insight to see that the orator as such has become pretty generally distrusted, and the demand is for plain, simple, straightforward utterance, unadorned with the older graces of diction and manner. In the new industrial revolution and economic adjustment men have busied themselves with what they are pleased to call practical affairs, and the law and politics have not wholly monopolized men of talent and ambition as they once did. These conditions, moreover, do not call for emotion and imagination as did the dramatic conditions of the older days. They ask of the speaker if he really has anything to say—information, instruction, and the dry, matter-of-fact details that concern the building of factories and the developing of mines. They are thus of such a nature as to create a kind of suspicion, if not contempt, for the man of words, however fine the words may be.

These influences have been strongly reinforced by other influences within the campus, which have helped not only to diminish the power of the college speaker but also to affect generally the place and work of the literary society. The first is to be found in the steady increase of academic requirements. More work and, I believe, a better kind of work is now demanded of students, so that they simply have not the time they once had to give to the literary society. The result is that men of the finer sort devote themselves almost wholly to meeting scholastic requirements, and the men of the other sort either express their activity in other ways or else are not strong enough to make the societies at all what they should be. The more deeply one looks into the amount of work which each department requires and expects of the rather immature students that come to us, the more one wonders that so many manage to survive and in some way accomplish it. It really at times seems all but a slaughter of the innocents. At any rate, under the present system—and I do not say it is bad—literary society work must inevitably be a sort of addendum to the regular college course,

and to give it anything like the time necessary to make it seem worth the doing is to rob where, if it be not a crime, it is at least to put in danger class standing. Men have neither the time nor the opportunity seriously to prepare themselves for their society duties. Hence it is not hard to understand why these societies become places for superficial fluency, for trivial mouthing under the name of speaking, for parliamentary quibbling, and cheap college politics. Such as this requires no preparation, and indeed may be taken as a kind of recreation. The faculty may make appeals, if they will, for a better sort of work, may point out the unusually important benefits of training the societies profess to offer; but with all departments crowding the students and devouring time, day in and day out, it is expecting too much of them that they should give such attention to the societies as that they should flourish with even a shadow of their former glory. These new academic requirements have been strong, I should say, in helping to bring about the inevitable decadence of the literary society.

But to the mere matter of requirements must also be added those modifications of college methods and ideals due to the introduction of scientific courses, with the demands of the laboratory, and the full elective courses inviting very early to specialization. These laboratory hours must be met. In laboratory hours would be included also library hours. They take the time that formally might have been given to preparation for speaking and debate. But even deeper than this: science and its methods have subtly yet surely affected student ideals, and there is no class of persons more easily subdued to the color of certain exaggerated notions. Science and the scientific method applied to all subjects is a practical, everyday thing dealing with facts. It is thus apt to substitute in the student's thinking the importance of the doer of things over the sayer of things, and arouse his interest in matters wholly remote from the subjects that usually concern the speaker and debater. Imagination, emotion, decorative rhetoric, high-sounding generalities are just the elements that the laboratory and library

will have none of, and yet in them the active literary society worker is more than apt to luxuriate. So, then, it is not only a question of time that we have to deal with when we come to consider scientific studies and the scientific method in their effect upon the college literary society; it is a question of aims and ideals as well.

The introduction of elective courses has also had its share in furnishing influences unfavorable to an active interest in what the literary society stands for. Election leads necessarily to specialization, and to a narrowing, in the mind of the student, of what the college may mean. Now, whatever else may have characterized the old college, it stood for general culture; the new stands for special efficiency. The older type of student found his cultural life most active in the literary society; the new type of student thinks he finds his ambitions best satisfied in trying to know everything about a few things. The literary society is therefore apt to make only a feeble appeal to him on the side of general culture, even if he had time for it. If he thinks at all about the matter, he is likely to resist the natural tendency of the literary society to draw him away from his special line of work into broader and more general interests, interests that seem quite remote from what he has immediately in hand. There would be, for example, no inconsiderable number of students who would find it hard to get themselves concerned with the inveterate way most literary societies have of confining their topics of discussion almost wholly to political and social matters. Election, therefore, and the consequent narrowing of student interest and activity are influences which, to no small degree, limit and hamper the literary society, at least in comparison with what it formerly meant in college life.

In connection with these changes and modifications in the college courses affecting the literary societies, I think we should also consider the new type of college professor. The older type of college teacher was, in most cases, a man of general culture, and was almost always, if not himself skilled and gifted in the art of charming public utterance, at least

in full sympathy with it, both outside and inside the literary society. Indeed, formerly no college faculty was wanting in one or two men who perhaps really owed their positions not so much to their scholarship as to a winning charm of stately, classic oratory. Now, however, we have changed all that. The mere scholar has taken the place of the mere teacher with the adornments of scholarship. And I am not sure that we have wholly gained by the change. The new type of professor is inclined to be cabined, cribbed, and confined in the narrow house of his own department. In an unwavering devotion to a limited field he has found that the rewards of his profession come. Whatever his chair, therefore, he is likely to be a man of deep rather than broad knowledge and of a hard scientific method than the graces of social and intellectual culture. He has not only no charm of public address, but is openly willing to show a contempt for the whole business of public speaking. Now college students are keen and quick to get their notions of at least some things from their professors, especially if these professors happen to be strong men. The result is that the student does not care for that in which his professor shows not only inefficiency but also a manifest contempt. So we have here another element working against anything like a general and hearty appreciation of the value and importance of the literary society. Indeed, it is positively hostile to it.

But these modifications of the college course and the new type of professor that has come with them have emphasized thorough and exact scholarship in a way hardly dreamed of under older conditions. We have come therefore to see the scholar, in the matter of college ideals, set high above the orator and debater. The plodding crammer at worst and brilliant student at best have taken the place, at least in the eye of the faculty, of the speaker who onced walked, too frequently strutted, a veritable hero among his fellows. The truth is that the stress of college requirements, and the rewards that success in them bring, have so far appealed to men of talent that activity and a sort of efficiency in literary society work have been found to be characteristic of many

who neglect the routine of academic duties and demands. This has grown to be such an evil in some institutions that college honors have been taken from the hands of the literary societies in some cases, and in others a certain minimum of scholarship is demanded of all whom the societies choose to represent them on public occasions. This indicates a low ebb of society interest. A rather shiftless class of fellows are in the saddle, and institutions must protect themselves by refusing a semblance of approbation to them. But however necessary this may be, such measures show in no uncertain way that the new conditions demand that a student shall be first of all a scholar and only secondarily a speaker. This is, of course, as it should be; still it is a sign of that low estate to which literary societies have fallen, and a further sign that the scholar is the prime ideal of all the forces of college life.

This is from the standpoint of college faculties; but the student community has itself, in the last twenty years, set up its own visions of excellency and fame-bringing achievement, and these have aroused such a pitch of fervent student enthusiasm as none others have, not even the college orator in his palmiest days. The long jumper and the high kicker, the pitcher and the shortstop, the center rush and the quarter back have come to their day of radiant glory. These are the bright, particular stars in the college firmament, and other lights are lesser in comparison. The scholar and the orator both sink into the shadow of the commonplace in the presence of the shining figure of the hero of the athletic field. To him all bow, and for him all things exist. The outside public, through the newspapers, has brought college athletics into the glare and noise of a fierce sensationalism. I saw a rather striking notice in a newspaper just a little while ago. It ran this way: "A. college is ready for opening next week. Football Coach Smith is already on the grounds, and the President will be in Monday." No humor was intended by this notice. It merely indicated what phase of the college opening the public would be especially interested in. The interest of the students gathers



about the same thing with all-absorbing, all-excluding intensity, and this athletic interest becomes the most abiding memory after they leave college. Now when the younger alumni come together, it is not to talk of the powerful speaking of A., but of the marvelous pitching of B. and the extraordinary "run" of C. down the field for a touch-down. Athletics, then, is the most vital thing in college life under present conditions, and the athletic ideal looms larger before the student mind than any other. He has before him, therefore, a vision of excellence other than intellectual and academic, as we understand that word. And so powerful is this influence that we may well ask what chance has the orator, or indeed even the scholar, in the atmosphere in which the athletic ideal thrives.

There is yet another thing which we shall have to reckon with in dealing with the literary society as it is, especially in comparison with what it has been, and that is a social matter. The time was when the society and its occasions represented the social activity of college life at its high tide. Their functions were the events of the year, looked forward to long before and talked of long after. The college shone in happy and radiant splendor at such times, and it seemed as if everything existed for, and led up to, such crowning occasions. Now, however, fraternity functions and the functions of other organizations more or less exclusive have come, if not to absorb social interest altogether, at least to divide it and so to dissipate it as to minimize the importance of the society occasions, and to reduce to mere formalities, to be put up with because they have been recurring for many years. The literary society is thus in danger of being shorn of its influence on even its social side.

Now in considering the whole question of the literary society in both school and college we shall have to keep before us the influences which we have but briefly pointed out—changed social ideals impatient and distrustful of the mere orator, increased college requirements in respect to both work and time, the introduction of new methods of instruction and new aims of work, the changed type of college pro-

fessor with his example and attitude toward what the literary society stands for, student ideals of scholarship and athletics, and fresh and more varied social interests. With these before us, the first question to be asked is: Holding to the aims and methods that once ruled the societies, do we desire to make the effort to restore them as they were? The second question is: Recognizing the literary society as essential, or at least a valuable part of college life, do we desire to keep it, but modified to suit the changed conditions? In answer to the first question it is my opinion that the societies can never be restored to the position they once held in college life. The conditions already discussed are simply too strong for that. Indeed, we can well spare the college orator or debater of the older type, even if it were possible to keep him alive. It is true that now and then when we hear him he is interesting as a survival of old things. But he has had his day, and a glorious one it was, too, while it lasted. New times, however, call for other things, and new conditions force the college into line. It is with the second question, therefore, that we have to deal; a question which affirms that the college literary society is a good thing and ought to be preserved and directed toward bringing about the results of which it is capable under present conditions.

It is a wholesome sign to start with, that one can easily detect a reaction away from the disfavor into which the literary societies have fallen, in some quarters any way, and a strong feeling gathering that they are really worth while. To train young men in simple, straightforward, natural, effective public speaking, to furnish a field for the practice of the rules governing deliberative bodies, to offer opportunity for a more or less extemporaneous discussion of current matters of sociology, politics, commerce, literature, and science, however crude the discussion may be, may lead to acquirements not to be despised in the preparation of men who are to take their places as citizens in a democracy like ours. Indeed, all will agree that it is absolutely indispensable that at least a few shall be so trained. If the college is to inform

men in the larger matters of human interest, give the right perspective to their judgments, and train them to think clearly and sanely, it ought also to do all it can to get these things properly expressed in both written and spoken utterance. Even the trained thinker and the man of wide and sure knowledge may be so far hampered in the mere matter of expression as to bungle his thinking and darken his knowledge. It is highly important, therefore, that we should cultivate and foster whatever tends to make reasoned thought and enlightened knowledge effective in the free air of a democracy in which there are so many voices that deafen the reason and eclipse the light. This is the utilitarian view of the possible use of the literary society, and leaves out of all consideration those mere graces of public speech that used to make them things greatly desired for the delight they gave.

But apart from this outlook into that practical life for which the college professes to be getting men ready, we should further see, in considering the mission and use of the literary society, the need of some one element that will unify, if possible, on an intellectual and strictly academic basis all the varied and manifold interests of college life. Now I should not underrate or belittle the very important use of football and baseball clubs in fusing the scattered interests of a college campus into one overwhelming sentiment that we describe in the rather indefinite phrase "college spirit." This is more than a mere sentimentality that finds expression in hideous yells and gives hoarse, husky answers in the class room after all games. Poor indeed is that college that has not this spirit, and I am almost willing to shut my eyes to the excesses of the noisy strenuosity of the athletic mood if it bring into the campus life a warm, vital sense of college unity and bind all the men together in a close bond of student fellowship. It is certain, too, that no other single influence can be quite so strong as athletics to bring this about, at least so long as college students are what they are. But I should earnestly desire to add to the unifying forces of the community life other interests which, if they

be of a milder sort, are yet intellectual and academic. The college rests, as commonplace as it is to say it, fundamentally on things of the mind, and brawn should not absorb the enthusiasm of the students to the exclusion of brain. Now in the possibilities of the literary societies one can see the only means whereby a strong sense of student unity may be established on a basis of intellectual effort and excellence.

The first step in this direction is to be taken in the effort to arouse and maintain a vital interest in these societies. We certainly must get over any cold and languid attitude toward them, and insist that they are not merely for the limited few who happen to have a taste for that sort of work just as there are those who have special aptitudes for chemistry or history or mathematics, but are for all students. If the notion is to get current that the literary society is to be for a small group of men with special aptitudes and uncommon skill in speaking or debate, we shall greatly narrow its aim and use. If it is to be no more than this, it is hardly worth the effort to keep it alive. Under such a conception it either languishes or else it becomes a limited literary club, in which a few chosen spirits may air their notions of things in general, and exploit themselves in public positions which have long since lost the distinction attaching to them. To arouse a general interest rests largely with the authorities of an institution. It is possible for a college faculty both collectively and individually so to express themselves with reference to their attitude to, and their estimate of, the value of society work as to awaken student appreciation and activity. One thing is certain, however: anything like a feeble support on the part of the authorities of an institution is, under present conditions, bound to react to the detriment of the societies.

But we should go even farther than giving a hearty general approbation to what the societies stand for and encouraging to the full, in a general way, what they are trying to do. It is my judgment that all students should be required to join one of the literary societies at least during one year of their college course. This at first may seem a

hardship and a placing of undue emphasis upon their importance in college life. But when we consider both their absolute value and their possible social use in unifying the college community upon an intellectual basis, I believe it worth the doing. To do this, moreover, is at once to show in a tangible way the high value set upon literary society work. A student may elect this or that course of study, but he must elect the work of the society. Moreover, in this way, as I have already said, the entire student body may possibly be bound together in academic fellowship, and all departments meet upon a common ground. A unifying process, a thing greatly to be desired under present collegiate conditions, when the student community is broken into small groups, is thus going on.

Whether or not we thus commit the entire student body to membership in the literary societies, they are such important interests that there should be regular and frequent visitation on the part of the faculties. In this way, by suggestive addresses not only upon the special concerns of literary society work but also upon general subjects of larger public interest, members of the faculty would be recognizing the students in their collective society relationships, and would be thus committing themselves to a share in those things the students are trying to do through the societies. But the faculty should do more than this. There ought to be in every college a standing faculty committee whose duty it should be to keep itself close to the societies, and without needless interference help in directing them to the best results and shaping their aims in accordance with the best ideals. It is little short of suicidal to leave so important an interest wholly to the management of rather immature young men. It is no wonder that at times they so bungle the whole matter and bring the societies to such ignoble uses that we are willing to abolish them out and out as a waste of time and a mangling and perversion of opportunities.

If cheap political methods, drawn from practical politics with which young men in the South are all too familiar; if noisy mouthing and empty vaporizing under the name of



speech-making; the absence of earnest, intelligent effort and serious preparation; the facile, fluent readiness to handle grave, important questions with a superficial flippancy, quibbling with fact and principle that train the dodger and the shallow casuist—if these things all too frequently mark literary society work we have to blame, to no small degree, the let-alone policy of college faculties. We have been rather prone to believe that the day of the literary society was past and that its real usefulness was at an end; that it was an ancient survival of an old formality clinging with some other old things to college life. We have been so busy reconstructing courses of study and readjusting methods of instruction that we have perhaps neglected one other important interest that needed reconstruction and a fresh adaptation to meet changed conditions. This faculty committee therefore has a work to do in getting literary societies to a point where they can do the things of which they are really capable. And this work is worth the doing; it lies along the line of general and special consultation, choice of themes, literary references, advice, suggestion, and direction in all that concerns literary society efficiency.

I believe, too, that each member of the faculty can also take his share in making the literary society seem worth while in yet another way. Each should see to it that at least now and then his department is in some way represented upon the floor of the society. Under present conditions, due to election and divided courses of study, it is possible for no inconsiderable body of students to know absolutely nothing of special departments outside the range of their own line of study. To this class of students the college is really narrowed to the small field in which they may be engaged. To offset this, it is possible for each professor to choose a capable man, and direct him to the treatment of certain phases of his own department susceptible to popular appeal. He would not only thus be opening his own specialty to the student body (in a small, imperfect way, to be sure), but he would also be helping to broaden their view of the larger

work the college is trying to do. His service would therefore to be a twofold one, while at the same time he would be emphasizing his own interest in the work of the society.

In particular, the English department should be closely related to the work of the literary society. No course in English should be considered complete without offering special work in written speeches and debate, and reference should always be had to the practical application of the work to the purposes and needs of the societies. In this way the character of the speaking, writing, and debating could possibly be shaped in accordance with the best ideals, and relieved of the futile, inane, vicious rhetoric that characterizes so much the so-called "efforts" of college students. I believe, too, it would be possible for "credit" to be allowed by a department for work done in the societies under its direction and approval. Thus due and proper emphasis could be laid upon the importance of the work a student does for his society, and a higher quality of achievement could be reached.

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## THE EASTERN QUESTION, OLD AND NEW.

"THE Turks must be driven from Europe;" so say the diplomats, as they sit around the council boards endeavoring, forsooth, to push ahead the slowly moving God of History. "The Turks must be driven from Europe," reply the zealous ministers of Christianity, as if the pure religion of the gospel should be soldered by soldiers upon those who live this side of the Bosphorus. "The Turks must be driven from Europe," cry out the Russians, Satanlike, leaving off the last half of the sentence, which, I need scarcely tell, runs, "in order that we may dwell on the Golden Horn." "The Turks must be driven from Europe," is the almost universal opinion of all partakers of Western civilization.

Is all this true? Then why do they yet remain? The troops and the arms and the overwhelming numbers are at hand, have been at hand lo these hundred years! Give but the word, and Abdul will scurry off without waiting to pick up his innumerable families. A strange state of affairs is this. For years and years a number of strong and lusty men have wished to take an apple from one weak, sick man, and have not been able to.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discourse on the wherefore of this anomaly, nor to expatiate upon the present political problems which, put together, make up the so-called Eastern question. But how came these worshipers of Allah to pitch their tents on holy ground? How far have their armies penetrated? And how have their troops been driven back? To answer these questions is the object of this paper.

The relativity of our views is truly remarkable. The average man of to-day regards the Eastern question as if it had but just assumed momentous proportions. As a matter of fact it was the pet complaint of Miss Europe's numerous ache spots long before these United States existed. Before

the boisterous Frederick the Great was, before Louis XIV. egoized or Richelieu bullied, before Elizabeth of England flirted or Christina of Sweden grew risquée—before any of these fabulous fathers and mothers of their countries' greatness beheld their offspring, the Eastern question was spoken of in whispers.

More than this, though to us the situation seems grave, to our forefathers' forefathers it was much graver. To-day it means but little in comparison with its perilousness in the days before modern European armaments became too serious an obstacle for the quondam conquering Turk. We little realize the harrowing feelings aroused in the sixteenth century by the words "The Turks are making an incursion." Throughout Germany men feared the Turks as our solitary colonial antecedents feared the Indians. In the old towns one can still find customs which are but relics of the preparations men used to make to keep the Turk from the door. That plot of land, bounded by Greece on the south, by the Adriatic and Ionian Seas on the west, and by the Ægean and Black on the east, which we regard as a modern Aceldama, used to be but the fringe of the crust of the edge of the bloody arena.

The whole miserable business was begun by the so-called Seljukian Turks in the eleventh century. They hurled themselves upon the Greek Christians dwelling in Asia Minor, and began to drive them like sheep toward the setting sun. Their successors, the Ottoman or Osmanlian Turks, took up the slogan, and consistently worked westward throughout the fourteenth century. These latter are first heard of in the end of the thirteenth century. The Seljukian Sultan of Iconium was hard pressed in a battle with the Moguls, when the scale was turned by the intervention of a small, but belligerent, band under one Ertoghrul. This personage begat Othman, who in time became the Turkish *Pater Patriæ*: it being from his name that the succeeding generation took their *nom de guerre*, which has, by stiff-tongued Westerners, been corrupted into Ottoman. The grateful Seljukian warrior—for even Turks have gratitude—rewarded Ertoghrul with

generous grants of land, and Othman attained independent power upon the breaking up of the Seljukian dynasty in 1307.

How diverting it is to figure out historical parallels! Here we have an interesting one. In the first decade of the fourteenth century occurred two events, which furnished ingredients to be used for centuries in compounding each and every dish served at the banquet of Western Europe's rulers. In this decade were discovered two laws of counterpoint, which have had to be adhered to in every European concert. The humiliation of Boniface VIII. was followed by centuries during which the Papacy was a mere cat's-paw for the calculating governors of Europe, whereby and wherewith they worked numerous political deals. What is the power behind the chair of St. Peter—is the question to be answered before a divorce can be applied for or a lucrative see can be filled. Not the sanctimonious voice of a Pius IX., crying out that the Holy Father can take sides with no nation, blinds us to the fact that from the day when Boniface rode backward upon an ass to the accompaniment of a crowd's derision till comparatively modern days the Papacy and all the power of anathematizing thrown in therewith was to be bought by the highest bidder. The other epoch-making event of this decade has already been indicated. As the Vicegerents of Christ fell from their lofty pretensions, contrariwise the Vicars of Allah rose to perilous importance. How enormous has been the influence of these two events on every subsequent page of history.

But it is high time to return to our narrative. We saw the Ottomans placed on their own feet, eager for conquest, zealous to oust the Christians from the sunny shores of Italy and the vine-clad valleys of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube. Throughout the fourteenth century it was nip and tuck between the evolving Turk and the dissolving Eastern empire—if we can give so dignified a name to the wretched inhabitants of Constantinople—as to which would control the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

The first siege of Constantinople was in the opening year of the fifteenth century. Not the might of Christendom



saved the city, but a Tartar inrush from the East which called away the besiegers. For another half century the city on the straits was to be called Constantinople; for fifty more years the memory of the Great Emperor was to be preserved in the name of his new Rome. But soon the long-syllabled memorial was to be perverted, and we were to have in place the less suggestive but more euphonious Istambul. For *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* was writ large on the walls of Sancta Sophia, but there arose no Daniel to translate it, and the Nebuchadnezzar of that great city failed to make preparations while yet there was time. The Turks were drawing closer and closer, and their confidence ever increasing. Hear them boast: "We will yet feed our horses with hay piled up on the altar of the Pope," "We will yet put down the Christians from their seats, and exalt the name of Allah!"

Some text-books of the old school inform us that modern history begins in the year 1453. So far as the modern history of the Turks is concerned this is true. But history is not to be dissected, and the workings of the *Weltgeist* cannot be apportioned out into days and months and years. The fall of Constantinople in 1453 was an event of world-wide importance; but with all its blood and iron it was no more effectual in abolishing the old order than the ink and lead of the humble dweller in Strasburg. At this time all the world, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, blossoms forth with ideas and theories innumerable, and acts and facts momentous. However, while we are bound to remember that the fall of Constantinople was not the only event of importance in the last half of the fifteenth century, for our present purposes it is of epoch-marking proportions.

The Turks are in Europe to-day; and they first put their turbaned heads within the door of our house at this eventful time. From 1453 to 1903, exactly four hundred and fifty years, have they kept uncivilized that erstwhile home of culture. What reams of paper one could fill moralizing upon those four and a half centuries!

Having now got our Turks within the pale of civilization, let us take up the thread of the tale and see how they hence-

forth comport themselves. Broadly speaking, the next century—that is, from 1453 to 1566—finds Islam in all her glory; for in this time we have (may Allah be praised!) the splendid reign of Soleiman the Magnificent. What a title with which to be endowed by posterity! How much more to be desired than our prosaic English “the Great!” Under the Magnificent Soleiman the Crescent surged forward, crushing all the followers of the Cross who had the temerity to oppose it, but treating most humanely those who did not resist; for we ought honestly to remark upon the fact that the Islamite is about as desirable a bedfellow or neighbor as the Eastern Christian. At the end of Soleiman’s reign the Turks were masters of Greece, of the Balkan Peninsula (present *terra infirma*), of the Crimea, and of the hitherto Genoese possessions of Kaffa and Azov; and at one time it looked as if the whole of Christendom would bow before the might of Islam, and her priests be forced to cry an “Alla Akbar” where once they had droned their “Ave Marias.” But Turks, even Magnificent Turks, are mortal; and in 1566 Soleiman went to meet his prophet.

Perhaps before leaving this greatest of them all, it would be of interest to know something of his character. An old writer says of him: “He was a rigid Mussulman, and insisted on a strict observance of all the precepts of the Koran. He was temperate in his diet, ate but little meat, and amused himself chiefly with hunting. In his moments of depression he was accustomed to humble himself before God, and composed spiritual hymns in which he compared his nothingness with the power of the Almighty. He was scrupulous in keeping his word; he loved justice, and knowingly never wronged anybody.” Under such a one the political and religious splendor of the Turks reached its zenith, and the selfsame man, Turk though he was, was nearer the kingdom of God than many a contemporary ruler reared under Western Christianity.

But the sun of Islam was on the wane; or shall we use Spencer’s words and say that, having evolved to her limit, she reached her equilibrium at this time, and we may now

expect signs of dissolution. Geographically she is destined yet a little to increase; but the moral force behind her armies seems to lessen, as if the blast of Allah's breath had lost its force. Henceforth, though the waves of invasion are mountainous, and do most horribly rage and beat upon the bulkheads of Western Europe; yet save for occasional and temporary breaches in the defending walls, the tempest gradually weakens, and men begin to take new heart.

The successor of Soleiman was Selim the Sot, under which ruler of bibulous propensities Islam's might upon the sea was blighted; and never again was she able to claim the control of the Mediterranean. This was the result of the famous battle of Lepanto, in 1572, when Don John of Austria, that light-hearted but ill-fated prince of Spain, annihilated the greatest fleet the Porte had ever assembled. Though drowned at sea, she waxed vigorous on land, ever pushing onward, again and again crowding into Hungary, and once daring to besiege imperial Vienna itself—Vienna, at once the outpost and the heart of Papal Europe.

These, however, were but spasmodic efforts in emulation of the deeds of Soleiman, and the close of the sixteenth century marked the limits of Turkish advance. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the retreat commences, the retreat which still continues to-day, that retreat the how and where of which is in itself the Eastern question. For this question is at bottom naught else but a problem of what to do with the land which eventually will be vacated by the retreating Turk. For three hundred years the Moslems have been moving bag and baggage from those regions of which they took such jubilant possession in the days of their glory.

The event to which we refer was the treaty of Sitvatorok in 1606, upon which piece of paper it was writ that from henceforth the Holy German Emperor and Archduke of Austria need no longer remit to the Porte thirty thousand ducats per annum for being allowed (think of the humiliation of the word) to retain under his Christian rule a portion of Hungary. Austria now being the proud and unhampered possessor of this Eastern outpost, there begins a long and

bloody struggle with the Moslem for the control of the Danube. Though we know of no "Wacht am Rhein," or, rather, Wacht an der Donau, as a popular air of those days, the spirit behind the modern song was then paralleled; for as Germany and France fought for the Rhine, so in the seventeenth century did Turkey and Austria battle for the Danube. Of the severity of the conflict we shall not tell, in order to avoid monotony; for what is more tiresome than the tale of Turkish wars, always the same atrocities, always the same unchristian Christians, always the same results? for since Soleiman's days Islam's victories have been unprofitable.

By the end of the seventeenth century not an acre of land on the north bank of the river between the Theiss and Pruth remained in the possession of the Turks; but mark it well, the Hapsburg military were not the enemies and avengers who accomplished all this. Just how far one can play with historical "ifs" is debatable; but I should like to interject one here. In this duel for the Danube, on one occasion Austria would have bit the dust had it not been for Poland, for John Sobieski, of that land, saved Vienna from a full-blooded Turkish sack in 1683. If John had not done so, what would have happened to Europe? Probably that venerable lady would have aroused herself from her self-satisfied siesta and expelled the infidel. But how would poor Austria have emerged from the mess? Perchance she would not have emerged at all as a geographical division. Again, if this had happened, what would have been the effect in Germany, and in feverishly ambitious France, and in Poland, the land of national dyspepsia? And so our little "if" opens the dikes and breaks down the levees. How entertaining would be a history written with "contrary to fact" conditions as data! But let us not speculate further, lest we emerge into some such details as to whether Garibaldi could have been an assistant liberator of Italy if John Sobieski had never been born.

We return to our narrative, which has reached the end of the seventeenth century, with Turkey (thanks to Poland) well on her backward march. As we enter the eighteenth century the whole scene changes and a new actor is introduced—an



actor as yet comparatively unknown, but endowed with talents for impersonating the villain which make all aspiring Iagos pale in comparison. Our new friend is one who would not only be Thane of Cawdor, but Thane of everything else, the honorable and dishonorable son of Alexis and Natalia, known to the world as Peter the Great.

Before taking up this new phase of our subject—for after Peter appears all the old order passes away—it will be well, for purposes of clearness, to give an outline of this historical movement. I take it that we may divide the Eastern question into several phases or acts:

In its first stage the question is, Shall the Turk or Christian control Western Europe? The reply is to be found in the year 1606 at Sitvatorok, and it is, "The Christian shall."

The second stage begins here, and the question becomes, Shall Austria or Turkey control the Danube? The decision is given in 1699 at Carlowitz in favor of Austria, when, as a result of the treaty, she recovered almost all Hungary and the larger part of Croatia and Slavonia.

The third stage we are just about to enter, in which Russia, that Briarean monster, begins slyly and slowly, but irresistibly, to stretch out her finger, hand, and then arm toward the south. We shall see how, in later days, she stretched her whole body out, leaned too far on one occasion, and fell; and the memory of that fall has not yet passed away. Common parlance understands by the expression "Eastern question" this latest stage. That is the phase in which it is asked, "Shall Russia be allowed to gobble up Turkey?" Let me also add that of late it would appear that a totally new phase has arisen in the promulgation of the British Monroe Doctrine of the Persian Gulf.

Let us glance at this third stage. Why does Peter's arrival so change affairs? Because he is the first Russian ruler to give primal prominence to the policy of expanding his country southward. The acquisition of Azov in 1699 begins the tale. It is the Russian bear's first taste of Turkish blood, and that one taste fixes his appetite for aye. Since then, "more Turkey" is Russia's never-ceasing desire; and, despite



diversions in the far East, the writer still believes that the old English theory is the correct one, that the white Czar longs for the Golden Horn above all the horns of plenty. Geographically the Bosphorus is of more value to her than any possible place on the Pacific.

To return to the narrative: the eighteenth century gives us Russia and Austria pressing toward the same point. If the "Sick Man" yielded much to the House of Hapsburg in the seventeenth century, what will he not yield to Hapsburg plus Romanoff in the eighteenth? But Peter the Grand could not build Rome in a day, and before Russia can turn an irresistible force upon the Turks she must settle the affairs of her own household. The chief importance of Peter then is his planting the seeds from which is to grow within her realms power of such intensity that, grown up to manhood under his successors, she will, like all new-blossomed nations, expand wherever she can. The Hapsburg-Romanoff combination does not as yet assume menacing proportions; but none the less a new phase has begun.

From 1690 to 1774 the Russians are working and conspiring. Peter was rash on one occasion, in 1711, and tried to fix the whole business in one blow; but his resources were insufficient, and he came within an ace of losing heavily. But he quickly made good his losses, and was enabled to recuperate whilst Turkey became involved in a foolish war with Persia. Had she kept at peace with the Persians at this time, she might well have attacked Russia with success during the Polish succession war in 1733; but since Soleiman's days her leaders have been shortsighted, and her defeats have been often attributable to her own errors.

However, between 1736 and 1740 we have a war which reminds us of the days of Turkey's glory. The details are intricate, there being involved the schemings of the courts of Russia, Austria, Sweden, and France. Two things are worthy of note: That the Turks seemed for a while infused with new vigor, and inflicted blow after blow on Emperor Charles VI. of Austria; and that Russia was trying to kill two birds, Sweden and Turkey, with one stone, whilst France

was ever so busy getting her finger into the pie. The peace which ended the war shows what its effects were. At Belgrade it was covenanted that Austria should yield up much land—such choice bits, for example, as Bosnia and Servia—and as a boundary between the two nations there were set down the Rivers Danube and Save. But we are primarily interested in Russia just now. How did she get out of the affair? Most fortunately she lost nothing, and even gained a few advantages.

All this seems strange. Hapsburg and Romanoff unable to get a bit of Turkey? Ay, but there has been a "nigger in the woodpile" all the time, and this is of special interest to us! Why, we have asked before, have the Turks not been turned out bag and baggage long ago? Because of jealousy—we shall see later, of England's jealousy. Now we have to deal with France. Throughout this war her diplomats, Villeneuve and others, have been pulling every wire they could lay their hands on, and the Treaty of Belgrade is "*the chef-d'œuvre* of French diplomacy in the eighteenth century." She had taken it into her head that Russia must not control the Euxine, and the success of her policy is evident when we read in the treaty that no Russian ships were to be allowed upon the blue waters of the Black Sea. So we begin at last to see clear evidences of that coming Franco-English protection which is the wherefore of the Turks' enjoyable security this side of the Bosphorus.

Thirty years of peace follow, thirty years in which golden opportunities are given to the Islamites to "lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes," but this they did not. And why not? The reply is to be found in the fundamental philosophy of the Turk. Somebody has remarked that politics and all that goes therewith are but outward manifestations of a nation's conception of God. Now this is deep, and while we are busy destroying the Turks, we had best not drown ourselves. But certain it is that the Mohammedan creed is destructive of progress. The adherents of that faith have had numerous chances to found a firm and lasting power. Perhaps no nation has failed to take advantage of so many op-

portunities. What is the trouble? Simply that their faith is hostile to progress; and while the world has been advancing, and inventions innumerable have come to aid mankind, these worshipers of the one God have refused to accept and adopt any modern improvement, sociological or mechanical. And why, forsooth? Because it is not mentioned in the Koran. Go to Constantinople to-day (but call it Istambul while there), and see the antediluvian condition of the town. As an instance, there is no electricity, and cameras, considered an invention of the devil, are forbidden. At any rate, the thirty years' chance is neglected; and when next we find troubles arising, we shall see Turkey fight with far less strength than in 1738.

The anticipations which we felt when Peter came to power find their realization in this new phase of the subject which we now enter. We find on the throne of Russia that Benevolent Tigress with six lovers whom posterity has called Katherine the Great. Her contribution to the Eastern question was the Treaty of Kutchuc Kainardji (spell it as you like, "Kutchuc" means "little," so we can call it "little Kainardji"). But "little Kainardji" was one of the biggest things that ever happened in Eastern Europe. The Russians had whipped the Turks in a short war, and the terms of this treaty represent the resultant *status quo*. Several fortified towns of weird names, adjacent to the mouth of the Dnieper, were ceded to Russia, and to all intents and purposes the Crimea was lost to Turkey. The treaty stated that it was to be an independent principality, and "The Sublime Porte further binds itself and solemnly promises not to introduce or support any garrison or armed force," and "to appoint no governor or officer for these states, . . . but to leave them in perfect liberty and independence." But note, Russia promises exactly the same things; however, they are Russian promises, the which are of less value even than Turkish. Another great advantage was gained by the free navigation of the Euxine, by the opening of the straits to the Czar, and further, by a coprotectorate established over Moldavia and Wallachia. These dry-as-dust facts are given to show how tremendously

Russia tightened her grip on the Euxine, that grip which she is still tightening, and to give the seriously-minded an opportunity of consulting their historical atlases.

But it was not in Yenikales or Azovs, in Crimeas or rivers, that the importance of Kainardji is seen, but rather in that part of it relating to the Czar's relation to the Christian subjects of the Porte. Article VII. of the Treaty ran: "The Sublime Porte promises constantly to protect the Christian religion, and the Churches belonging to it; and it also permits the minister of the Imperial Court of Russia to make on all occasions representations as well in respect of the new Church of Constantinople as of those who belong to it, promising to take them into consideration as coming from a person in the confidence of a neighboring and sincerely friendly power."

Article XIV. states further that Russia may erect a chapel on the street known as Bey Ogen, which is to be under the protection of the Russian Minister.

This seems harmless enough, this granting of permission to erect a particular church in Pera. The first clause quoted, it will be noted, granted Russia the right to make "representations" on behalf of the "new church." This refers to the edifice on Bey Ogen Street. Harmless, say you? So did the *Tu es Petrus* seem harmless to the men of the Ancient Church; but the ambitions of bodies politic and the cupidity of bodies ecclesiastical can gain out of words of love motives for deeds of hate. The right of oversight granted for this church on a certain street became, by Russian sleight of hand, metamorphosed into a permission to exercise general supervision over all the Greek Christians residing within the dominions of the Sultan.

As we have said, the territorial gains of Russia at this treaty were of inconsiderable importance compared with the issue which evolved out of these apparently simple and definite religious regulations. For out of the forced interpretation we have alluded to came the iniquitous and bloody war of the Crimea, and more than that concrete case innumerable sources of friction extending over a half a century. If it were



the purpose of this paper to give a conscientious digest of the entire history of this subject, we should have to enter into a dissertation at once upon the barefaced dishonesty of Russia immediately after the signing of the treaty. But we need not waste ink in proving that Iscariot was a traitor, or that the imperial end of Russia justifieth all sorts and conditions of means; and so we shall leave details and enter once more into generalizations.

So far we have shown the Eastern question as divisible into three phases, the last phase beginning with the advent of Peter the Great. Now, so far as events are concerned, it would be more precise to begin this last or Russian phase with the treaty of Kainardji; but as we have endeavored to show, though events would warrant this, yet in the growth of political aspirations we cannot disregard the earlier date. Therefore, to continue our tabular view, we would say that after 1774 we enter a second and acute phase of the third division of our subject.

What are the chief points to be noted? In the first place the objects of Russia now are avowed openly, and clearly discerned by all Europe. Tauntingly she tells the world that she considers herself the guardian and wet nurse of Eastern Christianity. To be sure, she issued no Firman or Irade or Manifesto, dilating upon her designs; for Russia never wastes paper, except when she signs a treaty. But after 1774 all the world knew that St. Nicholas had his heart, soul, and mind set upon Constantinople.

Now England hears the taunt, and, through her envoys plenipotentiary and most extraordinary, begins to whisper to France in awe-struck tones that surely it were better for the Mussulman to remain in Europe than for Russia to have the Golden Horn. And France, who in those days was not the self-appointed and servile pawnbroker to Russia that she now is, hearkened eagerly to the jealous words of Britannia, and so they, schoolgirl-like, anxious for a quarrel but finding no sufficient cause, just keep on nudging. After Kainardji the condition of affairs gives us our first glimpse of the modern status.



Naturally, we should say, the increased power of Islam's adversaries will bring the whole matter to a speedy termination. But, in the language of Artemus Ward, "quite the reverse to the contrary" is the fact. And why? Because what had previously been a comparatively local affair assumes (so think the English) European importance, and we begin to hear at the council boards of Europe that the whole question must be weighed in the scales of the balance of power.

"Balance of Power!" What crimes have been committed in that name! What untold outpourings of blood, blue blood and yellow blood, have been caused to uphold that touchstone of all selfishness! Deep down in the breast of the *Weltgeist* there dwells a demon, and that demon's name is Balance of Power, and his object is to prevent the world from evolving as the good God would have it evolve. I do not wish to sermonize too tiresomely; but let me briefly state the reason why this theory is the evil genius of Europe. If we accept the theory of the Survival of the Fittest, and all that runs cognate therewith, it follows that any endeavor to thwart this law is to oppose human progress. Communism, absolute equality, red-capped socialism, and anarchism are but attempts to stem the tide of evolution. Now what these attempts are to the individual State, such is the theory of the Balance of Power to Europe. It would defy the law of God; the law which says, "Thou shalt not prevent thy brother from improving his opportunities." Read Europe's history, and see how this demon allured Germany and Italy into years of misery, and put off the time of their nationalization.

And so it is that this evil spirit enters the Eastern question. When we are expecting Russia and Austria to bring about a speedy solution, and to see the Turk sent back to his kennel and the whole matter easily terminated, instead we see the wheels of progress blocked, the process of evolution held up; and we enter that period in which we feel bound to agree that there is one thing worse than a Turk, and that is a Christian who has become inoculated with the bacillus of the Balance of Power.

However, the strength of evolution is mightier than the power of any bacilli, and if more slowly yet just as surely the retreat of the Turk goes on. We need not enter into details, but can at once turn to the next phase of the situation.

Russia imperceptibly creeps forward. What are the boundary lines of Kainardji to her? What are boundary lines to any healthy nation. Given one with a fixed purpose, the mere fact that it signs its name to a document in no way signifies that the handwriting will stifle its aspirations. And so within a few years we find the Crimea practically converted into Russian land.

And so Russia creeps and England weeps. One is always tempted to moralize when the subject of England's attitude toward the Eastern question is brought up. Why should Anglicans and Russians grudge to Greek Christians of Russia the right to constitute themselves protectors of Greek Christians in contiguous territory, especially when that territory was going to the dogs? Not that the Greek Christians deserved protection, but if it was to be extended surely we should set a thief to watch over a thief. Perhaps one will reply that the question had far deeper meaning than the mere protection of worshipers; that it meant life and death to England's Eastern plans. Why, then, did she not come out and say so and cease posing the sanctimonious? But he who reads history and looks for consistency is like the man who reads philosophy expecting to find agreement among the philosophers. Had England announced that she did not care twopence for the religious side of the question, she might escape condemnation for hypocrisy. However, the God of History hides his face when European rulers get to bickering. Let us leave the eighteenth century and enter the nineteenth.

The Corsican genius has finished his skyrocket career, his last game of chance has been lost, he has been expelled from the club of autocrats, and his name is writ large on the bulletin board as a bankrupt. The executive committee sits about the table, like children on the sands, making anew the map of Europe. Poor fools! poor children! they forget the tide will rise again. Metternich, suave and well-dressed, pre-

sides over his betters, indicating the way to arrange matters so neatly that they will all live happily ever afterwards. Insular Continentals, they forget the Turk! They see not that, though the giant has been chained up, there are yet pygmies innumerable who can make life miserable. Says Metternich, precisely pulling on his gloves as he prepares to leave: "It looks as though the dawn of a better day were beginning to break." But it was something less fair and more roseate than the dawn that was beginning to break. Something blood-red and ugly, something sad and ghastly, for the nineteenth century phase of the Eastern question was arising, and the terrors of Napoleon were to be forgotten in the hypocrisies and iniquities of European Christians.

To give any account of the ins and outs of this century is impossible, unless one goes to very great length. Our purpose all along has been but to touch upon important features, and to this we must hold in the present phase of the subject. We have no time to tell of the complications resulting from the Greek revolt, and how it brought Russia and Turkey into war once more; but we must pause to mention the concluding treaty of that war, that of Adrianople. Its advantageous terms mark another notch in the southward progress of the Czars, and the backward march of the Turks. Of more importance than the unspellable places acquired by Russia is the fact that Bulgaria and Roumania are new-erected into practically independent States, with back doors wide open for Russia's emissaries. In '32 Greece becomes an independent nation, and thus we enter the fourth decade with Turkey pushed still farther eastward.

The next actor to appear is that prophet who arose in Ishmael, Mahmud II., whose enlightened ideas and civilized opinions so scandalized the Turks that they rise in revolt under Mehemet Ali. The sultan in distress appeals for help, and Czar Nicholas is there on the instant, and an alliance is formed which all but made Constantinople a Russian protectorate. The culminating event, the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, goads England to a madness which lies deeper than the paper peace they make, and for better or for worse a

public opinion is generated which outlives all ephemeral diplomacy and ends in that necessary dose of medicine, the Crimean War. No isolated causes brought about this strife; the conflict was an inevitable result of Kainardji in 1774 and of Unkiar-Skelessi. The *status quo* was impossible so long as England's leaders proclaimed it their duty to God to keep Allah in Constantinople. The Crimea passed, and England whipped Russia—Frenchmen helping—and gained nothing, unless it was that she gained for a poet an opportunity to write "Half a League Onward." What folly has England ever been drawn into greater than that war? What was said of the Charge of the Light Brigade can equally be said of the whole affair: "Somebody blundered."

But we must leave Balaklava and Franco-English love-making and turn to the fourth reopening of the wound during the century, that which occurred in 1871. This occasion is of interest to us because there was then a series of happenings quite reminding one of the events which have been transpiring in the past year. That is to say, a condition of garrulous turbulency shows itself! Massacres and collective notes, outrages and proposed schemes of reform come as thick and fast as snowflakes. All that is wanted to bring Elysian days is to find two proposals which agree, and two powers which have the same ideas on the salvation of the East. But one has to look in vain for international congenialities.

This past year we have had the Salonika murder and the Beirut attempt: in '76 the French and German consuls were murdered at Salonika. This was irritating item number one. Now we have had the Albanian rising: then came the Herzegovinian. This time we have had a delightfully futile collective note, and then was enjoyed the Andrassy Note, equally high-sounding and ineffective. Bosnia rose, and Serbia and Montenegro declared war upon the Turk, and men said, as they said a few months ago, "The Turk must be expelled to pacify the land." In the meantime, in 1876, Abdul-Hamid II., the present disgrace of the prophet's mantle, began his nefarious reign. The climax seemed to have arrived when the Bulgarian atrocities horrified humanity, and tens of



thousands of Christians were slain in cold and hot blood. Then, as to-day, Abdul promised reforms, and then, as to-day, he lied. Abdul's motto from first to last has been *divide et impera*.

On the 24th of April, '77, Alexander II. declared war; and on the 3d of March, '78, having sufficiently whipped the Turks, there was arranged by these two Eastern gentlemen, Abdul and Alexander, the famous Treaty of San Stephano, which was declared null and void by the other powers, and Russia was forced to accept the Treaty of Berlin. But what is writ in the heart is of more permanence than what is put upon parchment, and the abrogated peace is more indicative of the future of that land than the Treaty of Berlin. This is a bold statement, but is none the less believed by the writer.

Let us see why. Because the hopes and aspirations of Bulgaria and Russia were voiced in the former, whereas Berlin stifled all their ambitions. By Stephano, Bulgaria was to be a country stretching from the Danube to the Adriatic Archipelago, comprising her present boundaries plus what we to-day term Macedonia. This greater Bulgaria would have become the controlling power of the Balkan Peninsular, and would have rejoiced in Eastern and Western seaboard. That the government could have been stable we cannot doubt, when we remember that a Russian army of fifty thousand was to preside over her infant operations. There were other provisions, of course, but this one was of overwhelming significance. It meant that Russia and Bulgaria would control the debatable land, and comparative peace and prosperity would have ensued. The Eastern question would have been settled, and the past thirty years of uncertainty and the still more enigmatical future would be avoided. Taking all into consideration, would it not have been better than the checker-board and positively impossible arrangement of Berlin.

Let us now look at Berlin and see what the present official *status quo* is. Bulgaria became what she is to-day, with Eastern Roumelia as a southern boundary theoretically, but actually with Eastern Roumelia added to her. Dobrudscha was given to Roumania to pacify her, whilst Russia took Bes-



sarabia. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were to be independent of the Porte, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were virtually taken from it. So we see that huge slices were taken under our brethren's care, and that Turkey was very considerably driven backward. In Bosnia, Austria was authorized to "preserve order" for an indefinite time (which, by the way, she has done most effectively, and the people have been vastly benefited), so one can practically say Austria gained this territory. In addition to Bessarabia, notorious to-day because of the Kishineff massacre, Russia gained Kars and Batoum in Asia, which is of more than passing interest because it is her first great step toward the Persian Gulf. Throughout this arrangement England had been furiously busy pulling this wire and that, and no small part of the disposition of land was due to her "suggestions."

These prosaic and dry facts represent the latest results of the evolution of the Eastern question, though new arrangements may be made before this goes to press. We have followed the story from Ertoghrul to Abdul-Hamid II., and have seen the Turks begin, succeed, and finally fail. We have seen the phases of this curious historical anomaly, and how, from magnificent prospects and vast dominions, they have now shrunk until a few valueless vilayets are the only places left. Or, to put it in the language of geography, the two hundred and ninety-seven years of retreat have seen established the following States, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece; while at the same time Austria and Russia have brought large strips of quondam Turkish territory under their own supposed-to-be civilization. And so the story of the Turkish retreat pauses.

Before writing *finis* let me indulge in a prophecy. We have seen the Turk moving out of Europe so long a time that we have acquired the habit of thinking it to be a necessary part of politics. We seem to think the world would stop revolving if there were no Turk to curse, no Mussulman to defame, no Eastern question to arouse our ire, and no Islamite to keep pushing by hook and especially by crook back to the woods of Asia. But—and this is too evidently true to be called

prophecy—the time is coming when European diplomats will have to seek elsewhere for some butt, some scapegoat, upon which to exercise their ingenious hypocrisy; or, in other words, the retreat is some day bound to be concluded by the transportation of all harems to the other side of the Dardanelles.

But when the demand of the politicians, preachers, and the populace has been granted, and evolution (not politics) has driven the Turks from Europe, what will have been done with that debatable land? Two laws will control the situation in the future: First, international jealousies; and secondly, the Survival of the Fittest. So long as the law of jealousy holds sway—and it will until man evolves farther from the ape—Russia will not be permitted to absorb the Balkans. She might get the Golden Horn, but even that is highly improbable.

Let us, then, for purposes of the argument, assume that Russia will never get the so-called Macedonia. Who, then, will be the lucky one? Certainly not England, she seems to have bitten off the earth more than she can chew already; nor France, she has not the muscle to accomplish the feat; nor Germany, for that to England and France would be unendurable. Yet certainly some power must appear; the world is going forward, not backward, and it is morally certain that some judge will arise in Israel. We have left but one probable power, Austria-Hungary; let us see what we can get out of this.

Now we must take a leap across an ugly gulf of guesswork, and postulate what many a man has postulated, that the Dual Empire is on its last legs. It may survive Franz Joseph and Franz Ferdinand too, and several other Franzes, but that whole partnership is an anomaly. Austria was not born great, nor has she attained greatness; but, and most emphatically but, she has had greatness thrust upon her. Rudolf of old had an unexpected crown put in his hands, Ottocar of Bohemia's inefficiency gave him Austria, and from that accidental beginning until to-day she has been luxuriating in luck. Somewhere or other I have seen the Austrian

general, Radetzky, described as the "least whipped" of all her soldiers. A superficial survey of Austria's history reveals the grounds upon which the remark has been made. With one or two brilliant exceptions, such as Eugene and Laudon, when did Austria win her own fights? Glance over the incidents of her career in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and see how large a part fortune played in aiding her to hold the purple. It took a Pole to save her in 1683, it took the Russians to preserve Hungary for her in 1848, and the political schemes of Bismarck were for her a blessing after Sadowa. Examples could be multiplied into a volume to further the argument.

Now with this unmeritorious past, what is her present? Hopelessly confused. The Reichsrath is principally a playground in which learned Herrs get exercise slinging vituperative epithets and inkpots. No man seems to know what the morrow will bring forth, and in political circles remarks upon the weather have been replaced with the question, "Will Hungary remain true after old Franz Joseph dies?" I believe the *Ausgleich* will soon be merely an interesting historical fact, and Pan-Germanism will triumph in the annexation of Austria to the German Empire.

If this is so, what will become of the kingdom of the Magyars? The reply is to be found in the condition of Hungary to-day. She is prosperous, she is liberal, she is up-to-date, and has a genuine attack of American "hustles." No European nation seems more ready to become one among the fittest than Hungary. What then? Why, Bosnia and Herzegovina will, by the new and typically modern way of *misinterpreting* treaties, be claimed hers according to the Treaty of Berlin. Thus we have a large, powerful, and energetic nation entering into the solution of the Balkan problem; this new kingdom needs seaports, and on the Adriatic she will get them, and thus the solution of the Eastern question will be found in the rise of Hungary.

But what will become of the smaller States, such as Servia and Montenegro? In the struggle for survival they all go under, and the land will be apportioned out between Bul-

garia and our Magyar friends. One exception to this general swallowing up would we make—Greece.

"The Isles of Greece, where all except their sun is set," what will become of them? Probably as long as classical learning flourishes (and may it long do so!) Greece will remain what she is to-day, a good-for-nothing, meddling, gossip little kingdom wearing its grandfather's hat. She owes her present position to her past reputation and the sympathy of English classicists, and her quasi-independence will probably yet continue for many centuries in the strength of her Parthenon and her *διδωμ*'s.

ARTHUR R. GRAY.

Sewanee.

## REVIEWS.

### RUSSIA AND THE ORIENT.

**ALL THE RUSSIAS.** Travels and Studies in Contemporary European Russia, Finland, Siberia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. By Henry Norman, M.P. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

**GREATER RUSSIA.** The Continental Empire of the Old World. By Wirt Gerrare. New York : The Macmillan Company. 1903.

**ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.** From the Earliest Times to the Present. By Leo Wiener. 2 vols. New York : George P. Putnam's Sons.

The Eastern question is largely the aspirations and designs of Russia. The development of the Russian Empire and its extension from the Baltic to the Pacific across the northern half of two continents, its aggressiveness across the Caucasus and beyond the Caspian toward the Persian Gulf and Central Asia, and its struggles to the South over the Black Sea toward Constantinople, are as stupendous facts and potential in possibilities for the world, one way and another, as the extension and domination of the United States on the continent of America. How far else does the analogy hold? Different travelers and observers, using different eyes, draw very different and contradictory conclusions.

Mr. Norman's volume, in large and attractive type and handsomely illustrated, is the most sympathetic of many recent narratives, and is valuable as the outcome of a genuine interest and study for fifteen years in Russian affairs and of four journeys through the Eastern empire. The writer is not seeking to give any deep political philosophy; but his book is an honest, manly effort from a new and unconventional point of view—that of sympathy with, and understanding of, Russian aspirations and ideals. The reader must believe that he is sincere and knows that he is interesting. Indeed, a more fascinating book of travel and observation has seldom issued from our current press. The volume is, therefore, no comprehensive dissertation on Russian in-



stitutions and criticism of details of Russian life, though much light is thrown upon these by the very humanness and sympathy of the narrative. It is a portrayal of the aspects of contemporary Russia with special regard to the remarkable economic and commercial development of Russia since 1890, and the significance of this movement for world history. Unlike most writers, Mr. Norman advocates closer commercial and political relations between Great Britain and Russia. After united Anglo-Saxon relations over the world, he regards relations with the Russias as the most important, simply because they are the most far-reaching and tell of the century to come. The writer does not give us a great book, but a delightful one, sincere, painstaking, and eminently readable. It is not a description of the Russian people, but is a picture of the Russian nation—a study of national development and of national destiny.

Mr. Norman rapidly portrays impressions of the two capitals, St. Petersburg, the new, and Moscow, the old, with the Kremlin and the Muscovite; he passes on to Finland, the land of wood, stone, stream, and lake; to the great Siberian country—we learn that the proper pronunciation is *Siberia*, from an ancient capital *Sibir*, and not *Si-beria*—back along the great water highway, the Little Mother Volga to the South-eastern country, and across the Caucasus into Central Asia. The chapters on Finland, Siberia, and particularly on the Caucasus country and Central Asia are naturally the most picturesque and valuable. That on Tolstoy could easily have been omitted; even those on St. Petersburg and Moscow are slight, save as casting light on the national temper and the later Eastern occupation. The great industrial and manufacturing development of the Moscow region—the Lancashire of Russia—and the hopes of growing cotton in Turkestan are interesting facts for the Southern States in America at a time when the cotton market has shown such marked vagaries. The author's attitude toward Finland excites the greatest dissent. Stirred with enthusiasm for the beauty of Helsingfors as a city, and impressed with the economic possibilities of the land of the Finns in paper and

pulp mills and in electrical energy stored up, he yet sympathizes with the policy of the Russianization of the entire monarchy, and defends it on the ground of imperative national self-interest.

The advance in Siberia is almost that of romance, and of a stern military policy. Finally, in 1891, the Great Siberian Railway was ordered, and in 1898 Port Arthur was its terminus! Peking lies at the mercy of ships dominating this point. What is to be the future history of China, of Korea, and of Japan, events are hastening to show. And then to the south and southeast lie Turkey, Persia, India! This has been the expansion of Russia, to the Orient persistently, to the Pacific and toward the Persian Gulf, to the sunrise and to the warm waters!

Everywhere one must praise Mr. Norman's good breeding. If he is too optimistic, he at least lets us see the *Russian* side of things, the way, the only possible way, it seems, for the rest of the world to understand Russian ideas and to cultivate friendly Russian relations. Other view points are obstructive and obscuring, even when not provincial and insular. The most picturesque part of the book is that on the Caucasus: the Gar Road, the Dariel gorge, the city of Tiflis, the gateway from east to west, where Asia and Europe meet, and the railway and the highroad cross, and beyond. The myths and legends of a hoary antiquity are recalled, and the strategic and economic value for all the future are forecast. Mr. Norman frankly believes that Russia, with all her faults, is in her system superior to the small nations and countries about, and that she must absorb them through sheer genius and power. They themselves are incapable of an individual existence, and either Russia or some one else must control—and this means Russia. The significance of the Trans-Caspian railway is as great as the Trans-Siberian, and the advance has been as marked. Merv is now Russian and also the Murghab valley, which leaves Herat and Afghanistan exposed to her mercy. Ultimately, the call will be made here for passengers to change for Calcutta! Then the Oxus was bridged and Russia had advanced to "the roof

of the world." And so to Samarkand and its memorials of the great Tamburlaine, to Tashkent, the city of stone, and to Andijan. The West and the East were come together!

Russia's transcontinental railways are thus in their infancy—one through almost arctic cold and the other through almost tropic heat. What possibilities may these plans have for Russia, for Europe, and the world! Mr. Norman believes that ultimately they stand for peace, commerce, and civilization. The future of adjoining countries, of China and of India, is concerned not necessarily hostilely but inevitably. Mr. Norman also believes that Russia's approach to the Persian Gulf is her historical destiny, and regards a Russian-English combination the solution of Asiatic destiny *versus* the imbrolios incident to the German-Turkish union. Modern methods alone are needed in Russian life, and success must come.

Mr. Wirt Gerrare's purpose is very similar, but his attitude very different. He wishes to give an idea of Russia's advance industrially, commercially, and agriculturally. He made two crossings in 1901, and penetrated into Manchuria in disguise. Mr. Gerrare is more objective and cold and aggressively hostile. He does not like the Slav, and says so. He compares the individual, checked and controlled by a national policy, with the freedom of individualized effort in America, but without intimating our troubles here. He is observant; he gives more details, more figures, more statistics, more matters of interest to men thinking of business ventures and to investors. But while a better "blue book" to turn to, and no doubt an accurate enough statement of mere facts as such, it is not so interesting a volume, and, it must be confessed, it fails to be convincing. His approach to his subject is more closely related to the well-known strictures of Mr. Kennan and others on Russian social life and order. Whether we like the details of Russian civilization or not, its advances and historic destiny must be admitted. If Mr. Norman be too roseate, Mr. Gerrare becomes at times too credulous and sensational as to stories he hears, is inclined to enter upon broad generalizations from single instances not necessarily vouched

for, and his statements and opinions seem too far the result of preconceived premises. It recalls the attitude of the sort of book Englishmen and Europeans were wont to write about America a half century ago. We wonder not that there are so many defects in Russian civilization, but that in the face of these judgments her accomplishment has been what it undeniably is. We may not care to invest our money in Siberian gold mines, for instance, after reading what Mr. Gerrare has to say; yet we know that ultimately these mines are going to be worked, and we know that Russian and Siberian and Asiatic resources are going to be exploited, and that with the natural resources of her great territory Russia is bound to become still greater. Oppose it and dislike it and criticise it who will, it must be recognized and dealt with, and not scorned.

Mr. Norman's book, therefore, has more to offer to the reader of history; Mr. Gerrare's, to the student of economics. Each is an admirable contrast to the other in method and in attitude. With Mr. Gerrare the commercial point of view is steadily kept, and we need not be surprised that on the strength of it he has found advancement connected with German commercial enterprise in the East. Mr. Norman is a student of government, looking to the destiny of future events and believing in a policy of international sympathy and friendship as far as may be.

Little space is left for Prof. Wiener's two volumes. For those interested in Russia a knowledge of Russia's literature will shed further light on the processes of thought and the sentiments of the people. All know of Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy; but as to the lesser names and the stream of Russia's thought and life as manifested in her literature, the general reader is little informed. However brief and necessarily unsatisfactory all anthologies are in respect to any one name, yet the total impression may be strong. One gets a renewed sense of the tremendous possibilities of this people, as of its curious deflections and defects. There is gloom and extravagance, and every Russian seems a born theorist on the matter of social order and right; yet the

reader ought not to be surprised at learning how mild and normal most of this literature is—how representative of simple nature, of home, of the affections, and love and life.

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## RECENT FICTION.

WHERE LOVE IS. A Novel. By William J. Locke. John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York and London. 1903.

John Lane has given us in this another first-rate English novel. The time is contemporary, but neither that nor the local color stands forth predominantly, as the book is essentially a study of people and manners, without showing, as is too often the case, the attempt at psychological analysis that destroys both style and story. The opening chapter is an extremely good piece of work, introducing easily the handful of people whose history for a short space forms the novel.

Remotely the author must have had in mind some very Arcadian views of the all-sufficiency of love, pure and simple; but we close the book with a feeling of resentment against him for still hugging his ideas after his characters have got beyond him in power, and a compromise is rendered necessary by the mere nature of things. His treatment is bold, his conceptions realistic, and his characters vigorous in mind and body; but they get away with him. The villains are too villainous and the saints too saintly. The world could never fling its mire upon such a woman as Norma Hardacre, nor could Jimmie Padgate possibly live in the squalor in which it suits his creator to place him. Theodore Weever, the American capitalist, marvelous judge of human nature, quick appraiser of the noble and beautiful in nature and art, with a heart once warm, albeit now cold in a young wife's grave, could not possibly be more cruel than a Spanish Inquisitor to a woman whom he knew to be passing through the soul crisis of her life. An English gentleman of fairly good habits and of fastidious refinement in dress and association would not first have committed a specially low deed; then stood silent, under any circumstances, and let his friend take upon himself the



odium of the crime. Impulse in a man of that inheritance and habit of life would have brought acknowledgment, even if consideration—in this instance denied—would have shown to a weak mind the advantage of silence.

There is much strength and interest in the work, and some scenes are remarkably well drawn—the rather stolid, beefy man's state of mind under shock could scarcely be better presented than in Morland King's when Norma Hardacre refuses to marry him just before the time appointed for their wedding. The beautifully sympathetic attitude of an older woman to a girl is delicately portrayed in the meeting between Norma and Aline at Mrs. Deering's.

**THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS.** By Charles Marriott. Published by John Lane The Bodley Head, New York and London. MCMIII.

In this, a present-day novel of English life, we have an unusually full book of a dignified and almost unbrokenly grave tone. Many of the multifarious phases that make up the life of to-day are clearly exemplified here. The career of a Member of Parliament, an editor's work, Cornish tin-mining, social problems, and even Mr. Morgan and his shipping dreams are dexterously introduced as events and experiences in the lives of a small group of clear-cut and unusually well-named characters. The author has a distinctly dramatic instinct and an epigrammatic aptness in presenting the result of his observations.

The opening scene of a great mob swayed by a common powerful emotion—in this instance the return to London of men in khaki from the Boer War—and become "not the sum of its parts but a new entity" is strikingly presented. Other passages might be cited for special force in one form or another, and the conversation, always good, more than once furnishes an example of artistic fencing.

The second chapter of the volume carries us to the House on the Sands in Cornwall, whither the disappointed socialist, Christopher Lanyon, has retired and where he lives with Audrey Thurston, who has entered with him upon a mistaken "experiment in Platonism." The scenes following

lie here and in London, and the end finds place in this Cornish land, "indescribably desolate, inhumanly lonely, yet with a magical fascination of its own."

**THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE.** Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York and London. MCMIII.

One thing the author of "The Literary Guillotine" was wise enough to do for himself—he selected peculiarly vulnerable characters as the defendants in his cases of "*lèse-majesté* to the cause of letters." Although he has been prevented sometimes from carrying out the sentence of court to strike the literary heads from the shoulders of certain offenders by the fact that they had not any to chop off, he has at least not been prevented from rapping with considerable sprightliness upon one or two right soft spots.

The intensely moral and the pleasantly innocuous are what our satirist mainly dislikes. He objects to the effeminizing of the nation, and violent excitement is produced during the process of one case by the whole jury turning into women while reading as testimony a certain remarkably popular book of last year. The lack of good English as a vehicle of talented expression is also deplored. "Stephen Brice," apropos of the use of the subjunctive mood, remembered asking himself "whether that 'were' were right or was wrong," and Mark Twain soothed him by saying: "Fortunately it's not necessary for an author to be able to write grammatically nowadays; we haven't time for education." For offhand work the volume is bright and sketchy, but the effort is discernible and the hits are somewhat bald. Authors often do not think we have feeling, but demonstrate without end that they have it themselves.

**THE CARDINAL'S SNUFFBOX.** By Henry Harland. Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. John Lane: London and New York. MDCCCIII.

The wonderful sale of this brightly fancied love tale of sunny Italy has been the publisher's justification for presenting to the public the sumptuous holiday edition of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox." The binding is beautiful in gorgeous

red and gold, and the many illustrations graceful and charming. Of the story itself enough has long ago been said to make it too well known to need further comment.

**PEOPLE OF THE WHIRLPOOL.** From the Experience Book of a Commuter's Wife. With eight full-page illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

The Commuter's Wife begins her selections from her experience book with the pleasantest intentions toward us all. Even in selecting her pen she is regardful, and chooses a stub pen which "assists one to straightforward, truthful expression, while a fine point suggests evasion, polite equivocation, or thin ideas." Our benefactress presents her observations upon life from a warm, sweet heart, a quick, satirical mind, a broad grasp, and great human sympathy. She is surrounded by a group of very clearly presented persons who fit perfectly into her life and produce their distinct impressions upon us. An exception to this is her husband, Evan, who, we are grieved to confess, impresses us mainly as a very proper, convenient sort of person, a trifle dogmatic, and who appears at suitable times with his eyes either "steely" or "looking steely cold." He is an Englishman, and this may account for things.

The course of the book runs smoothly and forms a pleasant narrative in spite of the fact that its main value is in its observations of people and conditions, notably in connection with that seething, restless mass that calls itself New York, the idea of the title being derived from the Indian name of the dwellers Monahhtans, Manhattans—People of the Whirlpool—referring to the once rushing waters of Hell Gate.

The old maid of the book, having become "planted in" in her charming house in "Greenwich Village," makes herself notable in a long and very intelligent sketch of the old times versus the new. Martin Cortwright, the bachelor friend and bookworm, gives true food for thought in the following words: "Then, too, the rack of constant change is detrimental to the finer grade of civic sentiment. It would seem that the island's significant Indian name was wrought

into its physical construction like the curse that kept the Jew of fable a wanderer. Periodically the city is rent and upheaved in unison with the surrounding changes of tide. Here one does not need to live his three score years and ten to see the city of his youth slip away from him. Even his *Alma Mater* packs her trunks and moves about too rapidly to foster the undying home spirit among her sons—my college has lived in three houses since my freshman year. How I envy the sons of Harvard, Yale, and all the rest who can go back and be young again for one brief moment! Is not this the reason why so many of Columbia's sons, in spite of the magnificent opportunities she offers, send their sons elsewhere because they realize the value of associations they have missed?"

Throughout the volume are found passages suggestive, wise, witty, tender, helpful. There is a feeling sometimes that things develop so comfortably as to be created for the purpose, and the style is undoubtedly loose; but the meat is in the nut, and we say with another reviewer: "The Commuter's Wife is one we would be glad to number among our friends."

THE THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTS OF CARISABEL. By Isa Carrington Cabell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1903.

In this collection of "Thoughtless Thoughts" Isa Carrington Cabell, who is by no means an unknown writer, shows the result of an almost omnivorous reading, a daring wit, a quick sense of humor, all showing the point of view, though absolutely—except in one irrepressible touch on the "nē-groes"—without sectionalism, of a Southern gentlewoman, as she herself confesses, of the old régime.

To touch lightly on the different treatments, attention might be called to some uncommonly bright thoughts on the new man, who, she thinks, is gradually reaching the position nature intended him for, and in establishing this she proves incontrovertibly that he is particularly fitted to excel in three occupations, "those of cook, lady's maid, and nurse." In "The New Child" she holds up to sprightly ridi-

cule the ponderous psychological teachings anent this interesting being of Prof. Rowe, of New Haven; and she grieves sympathetically with the mother in a day when to squills and hot-water bags must be added "the ergograph and the sphygmometer." Mannerism in conversation is keenly suggestive; the closing of the chapter on the "Motive of Travel" shows deep sympathy and poetry of feeling. "Love's Catechism," "Should Women Propose?" "Do Men Propose?" "How Belinda Had the Grippe," and the "New Etiquette" are full of a lively sense of the ridiculous and a pungent habit of commenting thereon. In "The Cult of Being Busy" and "Nervous Prostration" she scarcely rises with her usual sprightliness to grasp the opportunity.

Appreciation must be expressed of the taste and dignity with which the publishers have dressed the volume. Where so much is pleasant it is unfortunate to see more than one indication of oversight, as in confounding Verlaine with Villon in quoting, writing "The Blessed Damosel" as *Demoiselle*, and others.

**ROUND ANVIL ROCK.** By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

This, a long story of Southern Kentucky by the author of "Oldfield," is meant to be a series of pictures of Kentucky's history nearly a hundred years ago, centering about the old Wilderness Road, and its legends of lawlessness associated with the mysterious figure of Philip Alston, Gentleman. As material we have the "Road" itself; the Kentucky Wilderness; the fervid Camp Meeting; the Dance in the Forest in Indian Summer with the country fiddlers; the Log Temple of Justice, bringing together Andrew Jackson and Peter Cartwright, the Methodist preacher; and as further types Tommy Dye, the turfman, Father Orrin, the Roman Catholic priest, the fugitive Sisters of Charity, and various figures of frontier life. An intended dithyramb on Kentucky's past, it contains references to Audubon and Abe Lincoln of course, to "Tippecanoe," George Keats, the brother of the poet, Mitchell, the astronomer, the first



steamer on the Ohio, the river floods, the Mammoth Cave, and aught else "that has made Kentucky famous."

But too often exaggerations abound, the sense of proportion becomes dimmed, the comments are too patently lugged in, and neither story nor situations go of themselves. The historical setting of Mr. Allen's "Choir Invisible" has had its influence here, as "The Kentucky Cardinal" seems to have suggested something of "Oldfield;" but there is not the subtle power of Mr. Allen, and not the charm of Mrs. Banks's own work in her idyllic sketches of Kentucky village life. The main strength has been employed upon the setting. The characterization is weak, and we take the author's label for it, for aught they reveal themselves, that the characters are good or bad. The plot, a story of love commingled with the struggle between law and lawlessness along the Wilderness Road and "Round Anvil Rock" as the pivotal point, a struggle in which law and love both win, becomes more coherent toward the close. At the first there was too much descriptive padding. The illustrations are indifferent.

**RODERICK TALIAFERRO: A Story of Maximilian's Empire.** By George Cram Cook. With illustrations by Seymour M. Stone. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

We have here another story of the soldier of fortune, distinguished by the usual adventures in love and war, with even an added coup, as amateur matador, thrown in, which affords opportunity for a vivid and minute description of a bullfight. The scene is in Mexico, and the historic background rather broadly made use of is the republican movement under Juarez, ending in the execution of Maximilian.

The book is interesting, having a rapid action and romantic setting. As is frequent nowadays, one sees or fancies he sees the hope of a hit or dramatization, and material is lugged in to catch the popular fancy, or a stage effect carefully worked up.

## NOTES.

It will be remembered that the work on "Southern Writers," by Prof. William Malone Baskervill, of Vanderbilt University, was cut short by the untimely death of the author. The plan was conceived to continue the series of essays and studies on this movement in American letters as a memorial to Prof. Baskervill by his former pupils both at Wofford and at Vanderbilt. This second volume of "Southern Writers: Biographical and Critical Studies" has just appeared (Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), and is a series of sympathetic sketches and essays that continue the record of an almost contemporary movement and in cases of actually contemporary workers told by contemporary students. A former colleague and friend, Prof. Charles Forster Smith, has written an intimate biographical sketch of Prof. Baskervill as suitable introduction. The authors treated are "Margaret Junkin Preston," by Janie McTyeire Baskervill, who, as his wife, conceived the undertaking, and is fittingly included among Prof. Baskervill's literary pupils; "Richard Malcolm Johnston," by Prof. William A. Webb, of Central (Mo.); "Sherwood Bonner," by Prof. B. M. Drake, of Vanderbilt; "Thomas Nelson Page," by Prof. Edwin Mims, of Trinity (N. C.); "James Lane Allen," by Prof. Henneman, of Sewanee; "Mrs. Burton Harrison" and "Miss Grace Elizabeth King," by President Henry N. Snyder, of Wofford; "Samuel Minturn Peck" and "Madison Cawein," by Prof. William H. Hulme, of Western Reserve; and "A Closing Summary," by James W. Sewell, of the Nashville schools.

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The perennial interest in Edgar Allan Poe springs chiefly from the artistic delight his work excites in the history of our American output. The first and the last volumes of Prof. Harrison's praiseworthy and painstaking Virginia edition, comprising the Biography and Poe's Letters, have been issued as sep-

arate and companion volumes (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.). Time merely enlarges the cult, especially of young writers who are won over to admiration of Poe's genius and his accomplishment under marked disadvantages. Two dainty companion volumes, adapted for gift books, have been edited by Mr. Sherwin Cody: "The Best Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe" and "The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). Rarely has one writer succeeded as Poe in all three forms. The selections are preceded by a biographical study.

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The Short Story is having its day not only in periodical literature but in criticism and in volumes of specimens. Prof. Brander Matthews's plea for the Philosophy of the Short Story as a *genre* of its own will be remembered, and no less so Mr. Bliss Perry's rebuttal in a notable chapter in "The Study of Prose Fiction." Mr. Brewster's "Specimens of Narration" and Prof. Baldwin's "Specimens of Description" in Holt's English Readings Series called renewed attention to the subject in illustration, and a new number of the series, Dr. Nettleton's "Specimens of the Short Story," was specifically addressed to this interest. A fuller and larger volume, "The Book of the Short Story," covering in a way the entire field of literature, has just been edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry S. Canby (New York: D. Appleton & Co.).

Eighteen selections from various ages and literatures comprise the contents. The earliest, "The Shipwrecked Sailor," is found in an Egyptian papyrus about 2500 B.C., and the Bible furnishes the "Story of Ruth." "Cupid and Psyche," taken from Apuleius's "Golden Ass," belongs to the second century A.D. Boccaccio, the prince of the short story, is represented by "Frederick and his Falcon" from the "Decamerone;" and that other wonderful collection, the "Arabian Nights," contributes "Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers." The sixteenth century is represented by Cervantes, of Spain, the seventeenth by Defoe, of England, and the eighteenth by Voltaire, of France.

But the nineteenth century marks the great development in the Short Story as a recognized art form. This is introduced by Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," not only "the first American short story to take a place in the world of literature" but perhaps still the most widely known and popular. A specimen each from Scott, "the Wizard of the North;" from Prosper Mérimée—a splendid example of the later French form—and Balzac in France; from Hawthorne and Poe in America; from Turgenev in Russia; and from Stevenson, de Maupassant, and Kipling among the moderns, conclude the volume. The brief introductions are clear and helpful, and altogether the plan and purpose of the book are admirable.

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An unusually succinct and suggestive volume, and one of interest to all students of history in whatever branch, is the latest number in the series of "Handbooks for the Clergy" (New York: Longman's, Green & Co.)—viz., "The Study of Ecclesiastical History," by Prof. W. E. Collins, of King's College, London, and dedicated to his pupils, *Discipulus con-discipulis*. The divisions of his subject are, first, general: The meaning and scope of ecclesiastical history, the science of history, and historical methods—the work of analysis and the work of synthesis. Specific chapters are added on How to Study Ecclesiastical History, the Choice of Books, and a selected bibliography, the latter particularly useful. The service of the study of history in banishing illusions, the avoidance of partisanship and a moralizing attitude, the helpfulness of choosing a definite subject, in reading round it and making it one's own, and the use of spare time for so doing, are some of the practical suggestions offered.